

# MOTHER GOOSE

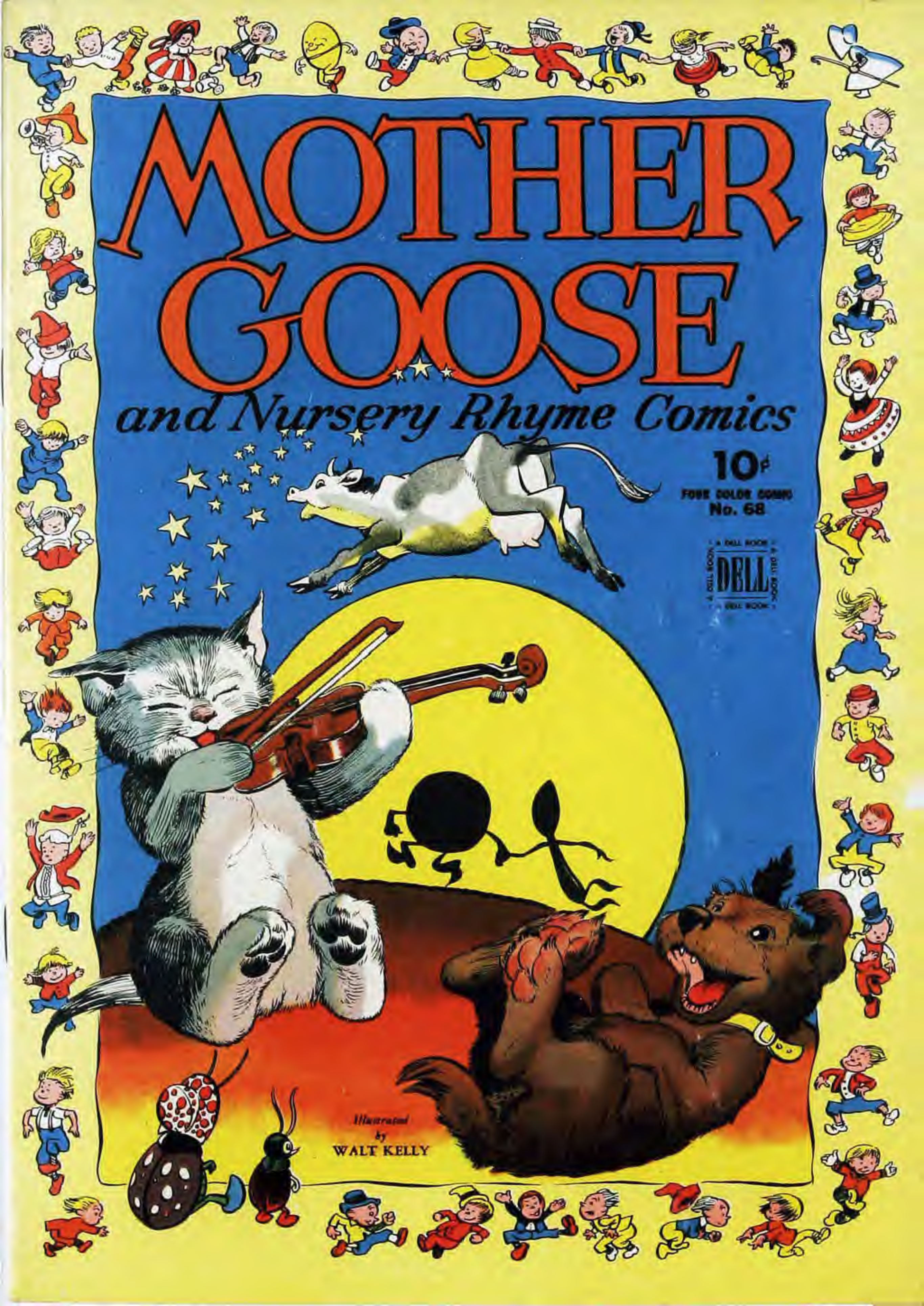
*and Nursery Rhyme Comics*

10¢

FOUR COLOR COMIC  
No. 68

A DELL BOOK  
**DELL**  
A DELL BOOK

Illustrated  
by  
WALT KELLY







**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# HELLO

Here is a book for you to read;  
Here are some songs to sing.  
Here are some pictures for  
all year round,  
For Summer and Winter  
and Spring.



Here's Mother Goose and  
Old King Cole,  
And Little Bo-Peep  
and Jack  
Who built the house  
that hid the mouse  
That found the malt  
in a sack.

Here are some rhymes  
new and bright,  
And jolly friends old  
and new.  
For Mary and Susie and  
Barbara Jane,  
For Tom, Dick and  
Harry and

**YOU!**



**MOTHER GOOSE AND NURSERY RHYME COMICS, No. 68—PUBLISHED BY  
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# The MOTHER GOOSE Birthday Party

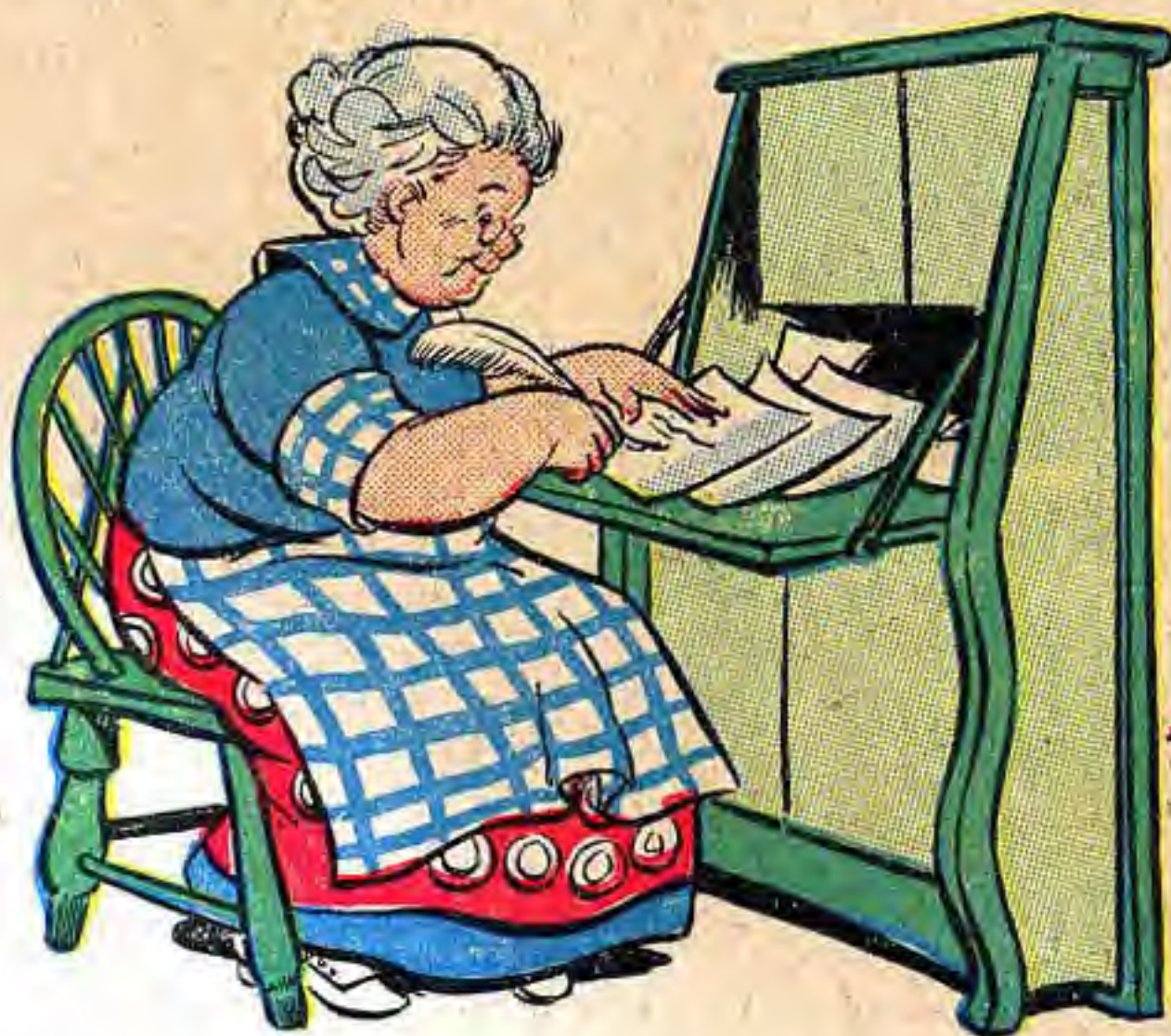
by Charles H. Herman







**M**other Goose, as  
old as time,  
Quite suddenly decided  
A birthday party she  
would give  
To which would be invited



Folks she knew from  
near and far,  
Famed in story and rhyme,  
And dear to the hearts of  
children living  
In every land and  
clime.



The guests included the little red  
And old Mother  Hubbard, too,  
And the three little  
who lost their     
And didn't know what to do.





# *The Mother Goose Birthday Party*

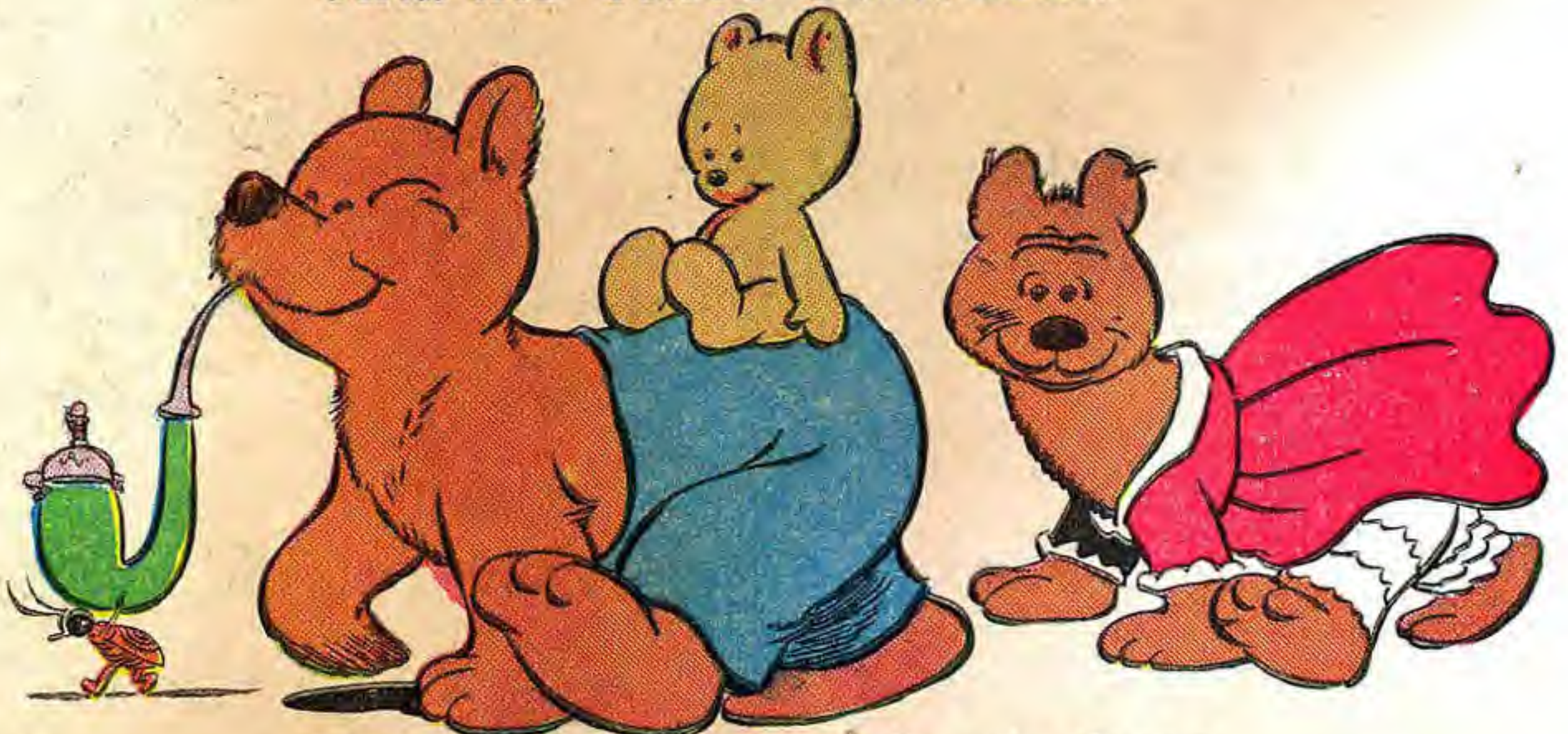
So many she knew all came in threes  
A crowd there was bound to be;



With the Three Little Pigs.



And the Three Blind Mice



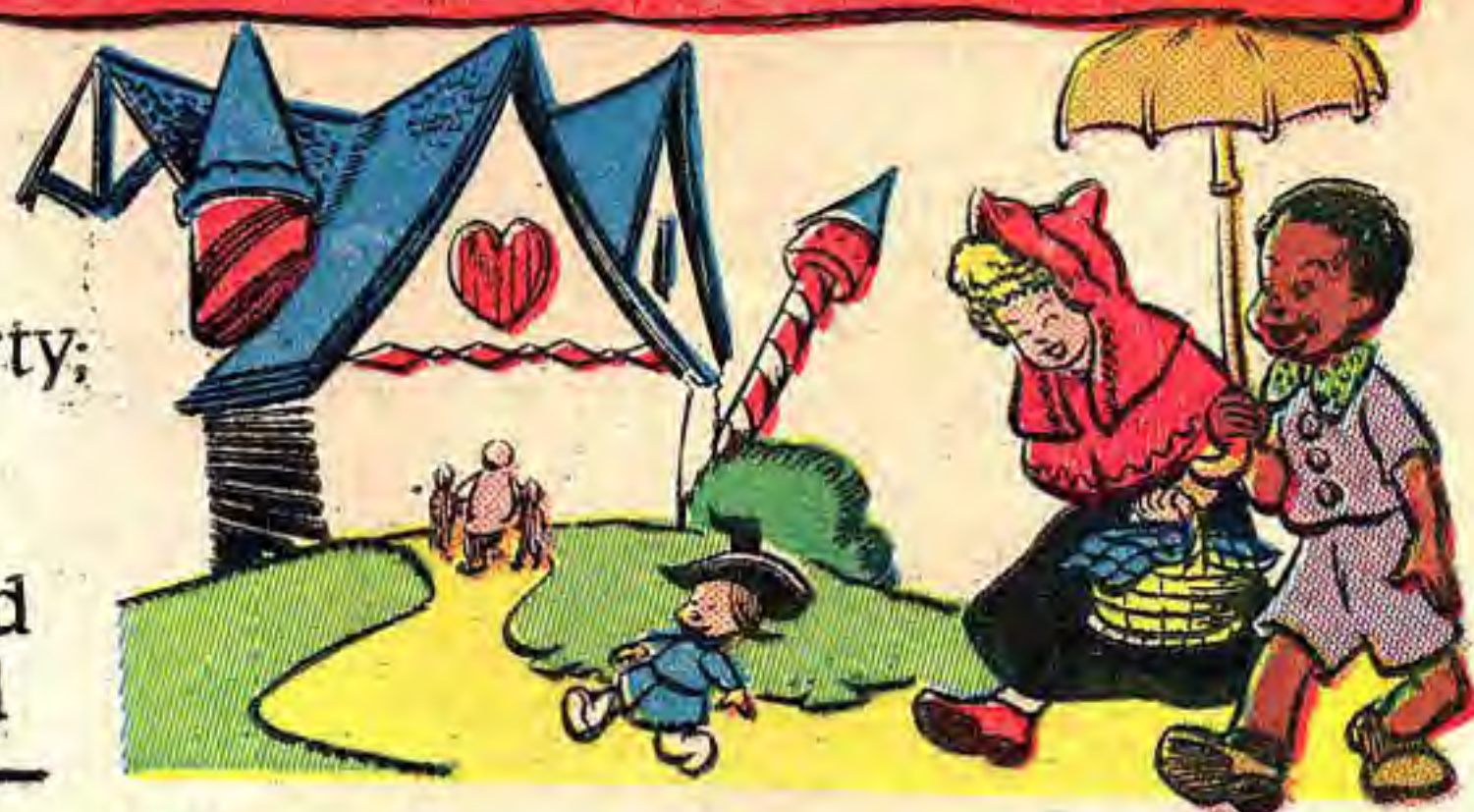
And the funny Bear family three.



# *The Mother Goose Birthday Party*

Our story begins on  
the day of the party;  
The guests have all  
started to come.  
Little Black Sambo and  
Red Riding Hood  
And smallest of all—

Tom Thumb.



Now the Ugly Duckling  
and Goldilocks  
Met on their way through  
the wood.

"Where are you going, my  
pretty maid?"  
Asked the Duckling, as  
nice as he could.



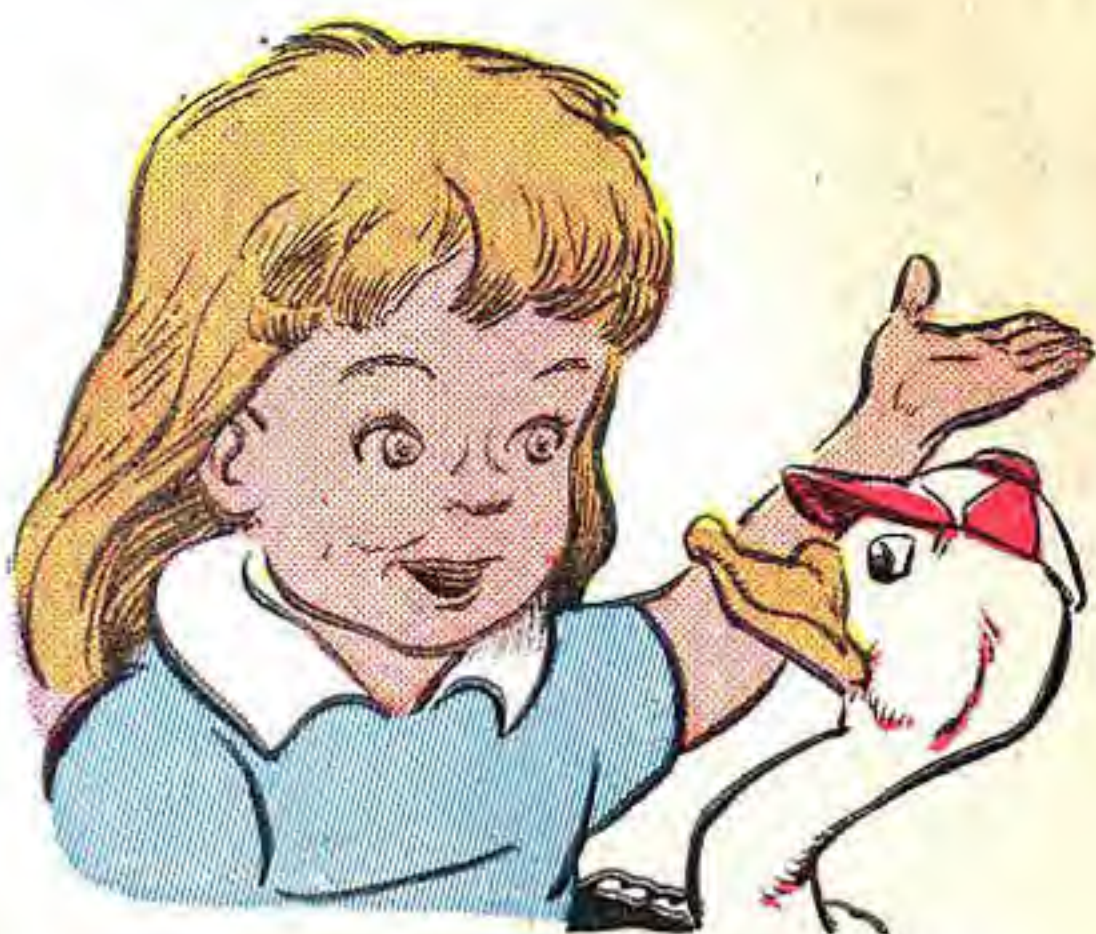
"To a party," said Goldilocks,  
"Haven't you heard?"  
Almost everyone will be there;



The Owl and the Pussy cat,  
Hansel and Gretel,

As well as the

and the





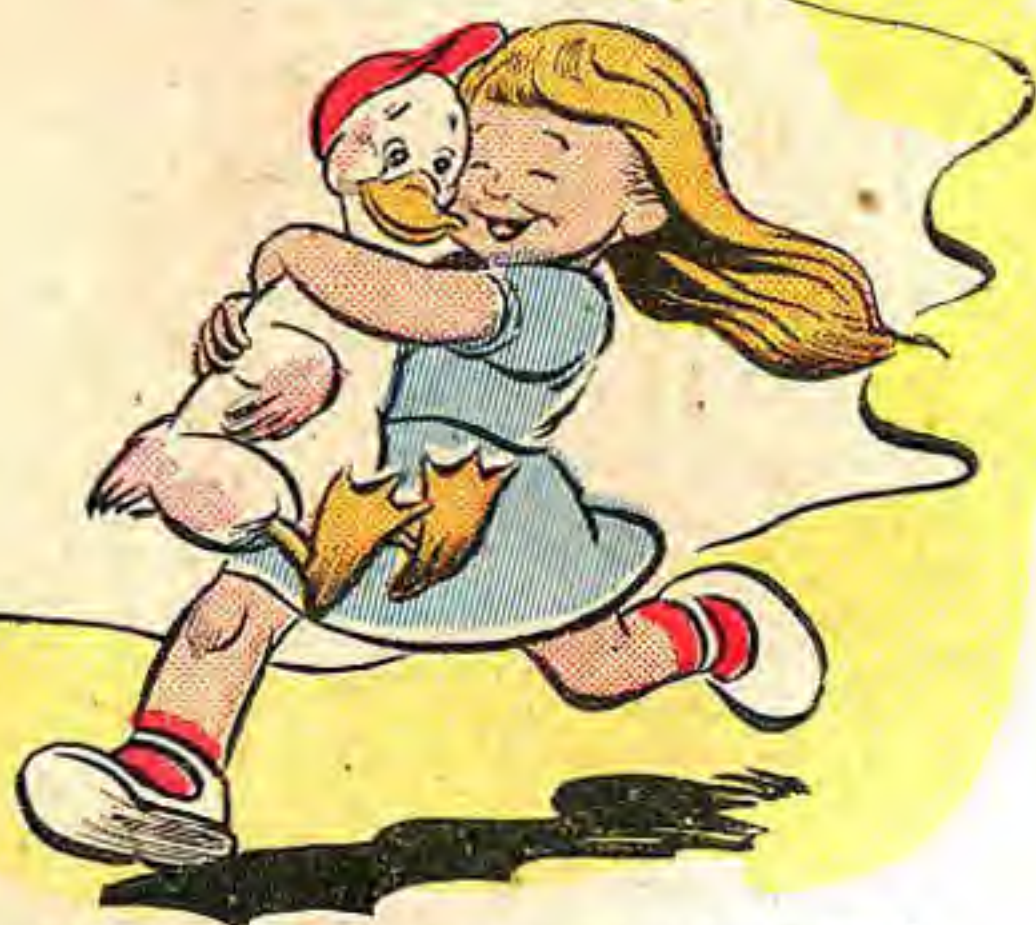
# The Mother Goose Birthday Party



The ugly duckling, in manner downcast  
And with voice as sad as can be,  
Said, "I wasn't asked. I suppose it's  
because  
They want no one as homely as me."



Sweet Goldilock's heart was  
deeply touched,  
And in tones filled with  
sympathy,  
She replied, "Don't you worry,  
my little friend,  
To the party you'll go  
with me!"



So off they went, and  
on the way  
Met many others, you see.



There was Old King Cole, that  
merry old soul

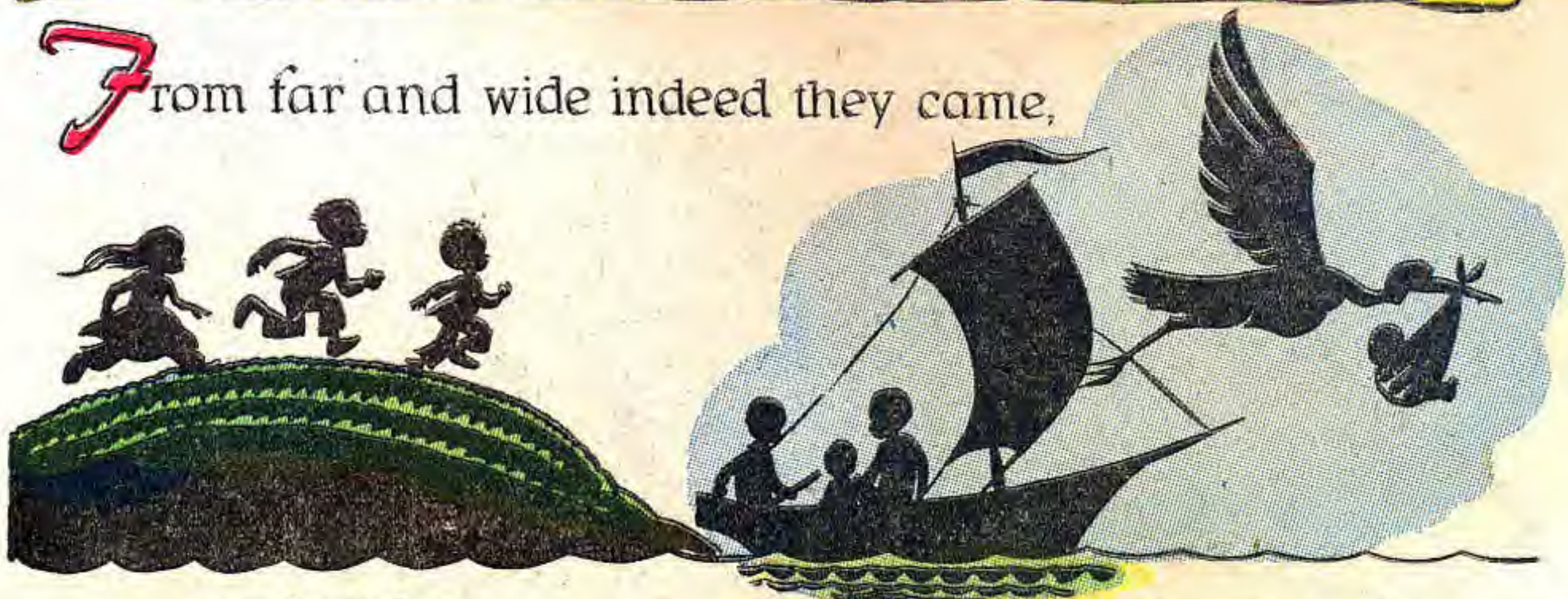


And with him his  
fiddlers three.



# The Mother Goose Birthday Party

From far and wide indeed they came,



on land,

by sea

and

by air.

From story book pages they all stepped out.  
All Mother Goose-land was there.



Simple Simon met the Pieman  
Who was carrying cakes big  
and fat.

And Yankee Doodle on  
his pony proud,  
With a feather stuck  
in his hat.





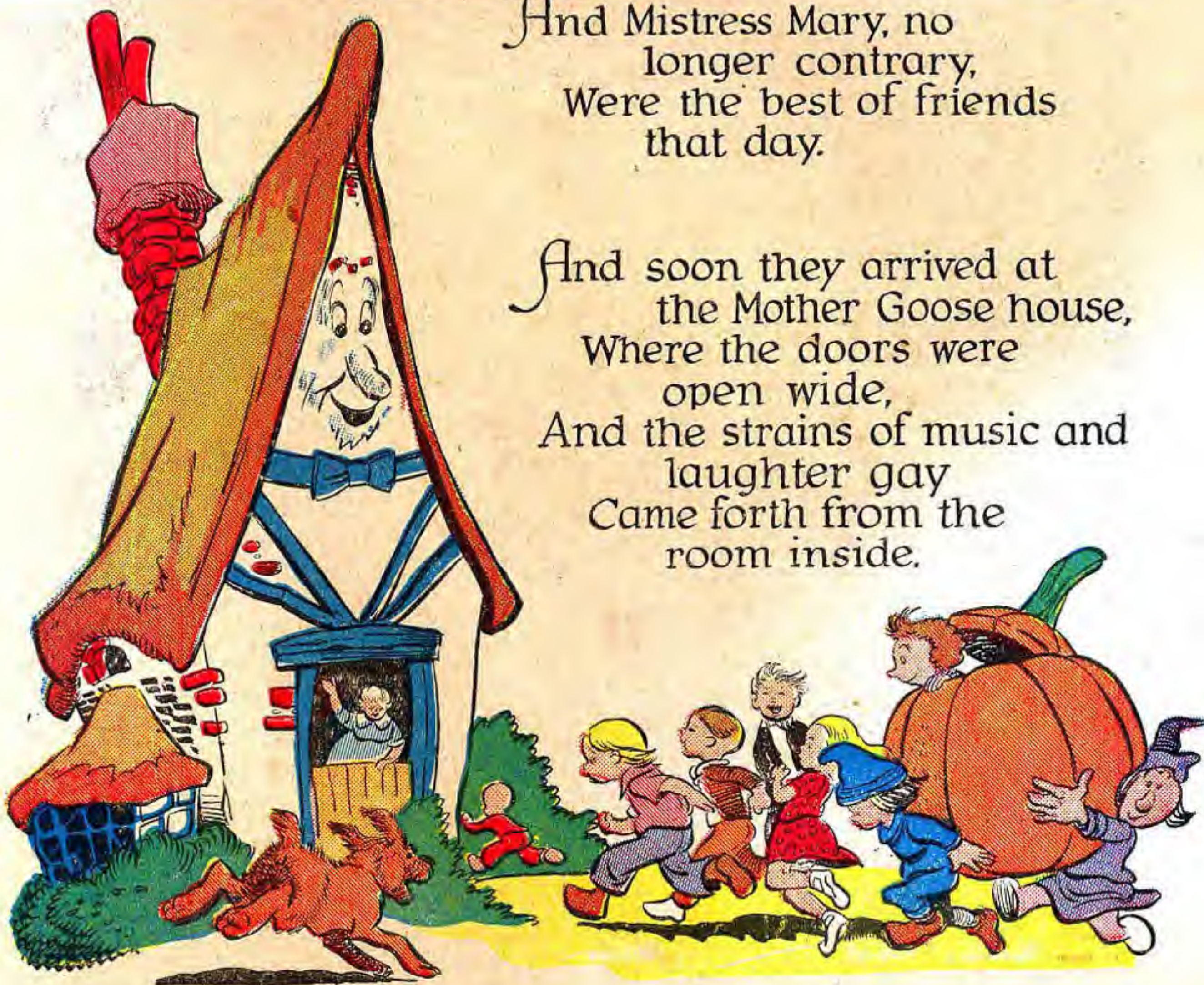
# *The Mother Goose Birthday Party*

Little Miss Muffet  
deserted her tuffet  
As well as her curds  
and whey,



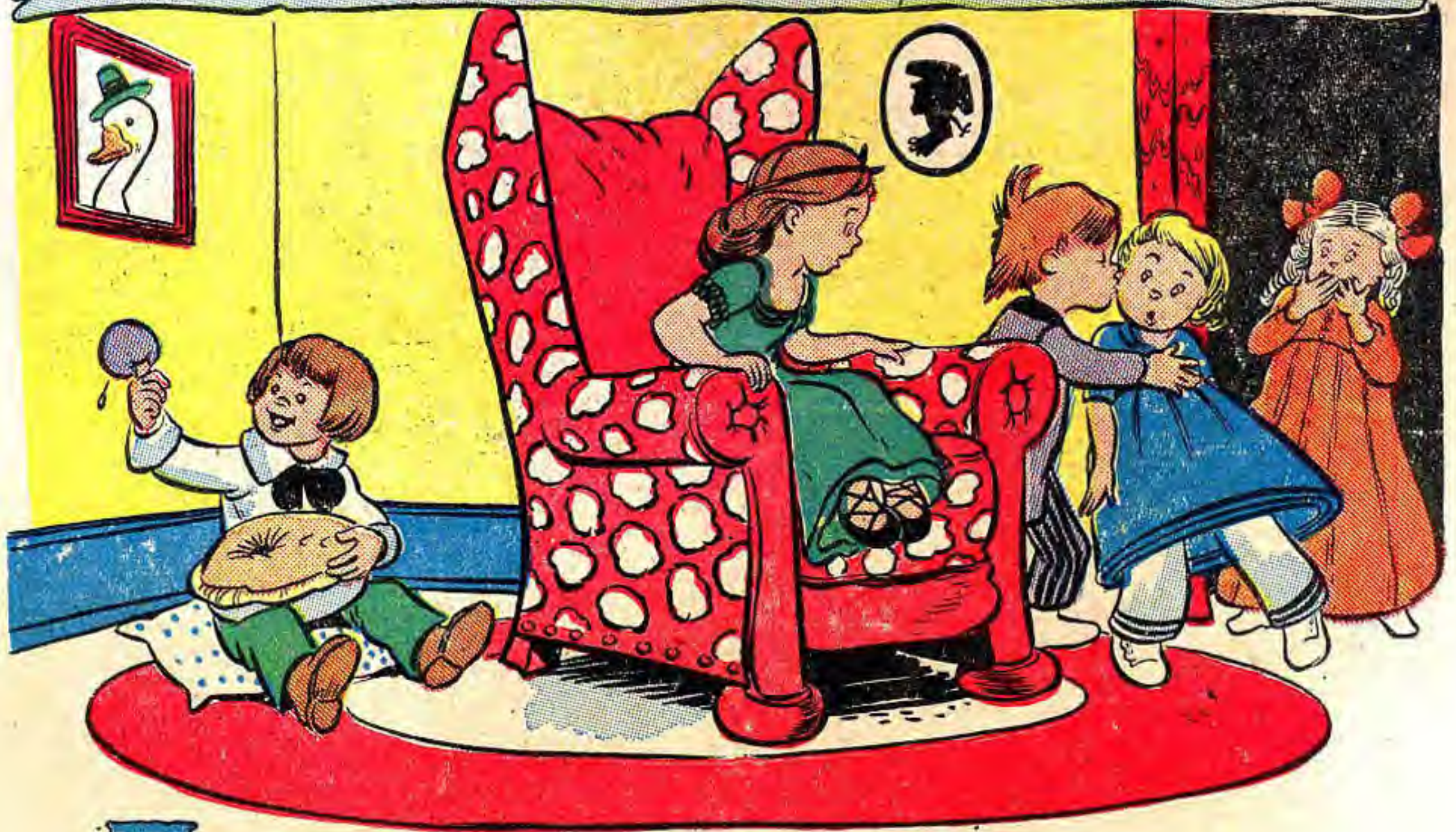
And Mistress Mary, no  
longer contrary,  
Were the best of friends  
that day.

And soon they arrived at  
the Mother Goose house,  
Where the doors were  
open wide,  
And the strains of music and  
laughter gay  
Came forth from the  
room inside.





# The Mother Goose Birthday Party



**O**ff in a corner sits Little Jack Horner  
Eating a Christmas pie.  
While Georgie Porgie kisses the girls  
But it doesn't make them cry.



Who's that perched on the wall  
outside?  
We see through the windowpane  
It's Humpty-Dumpty, and if he falls  
They'll put him together again.



# The Mother Goose Birthday Party

**A**nd here's the Old Woman who lived in a shoe  
With her children all in good cheer.



But *hark!*  
What's that sound outside the house?



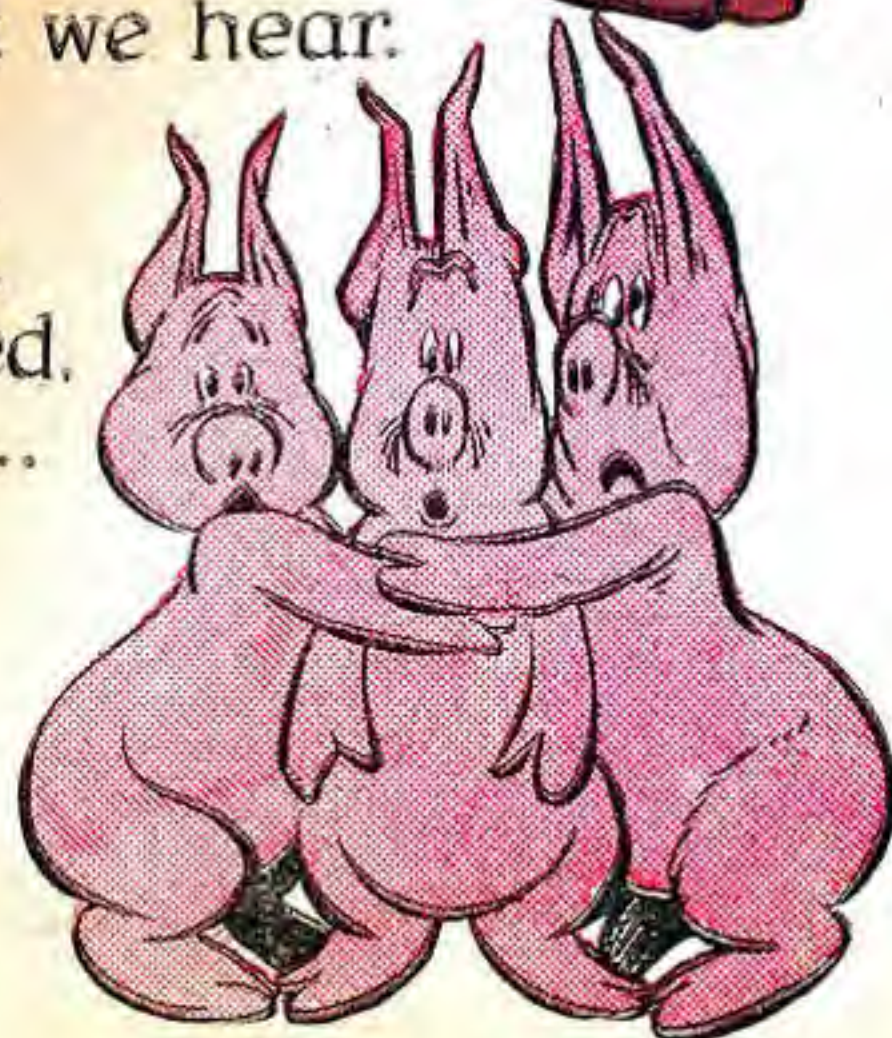
It's the *Big Bad Wolf* that we hear.



Red Riding Hood trembled,  
The Three Pigs squealed.  
A hush fell over the rest...  
The one they had  
feared

Had finally appeared—

*The uninvited guest!*



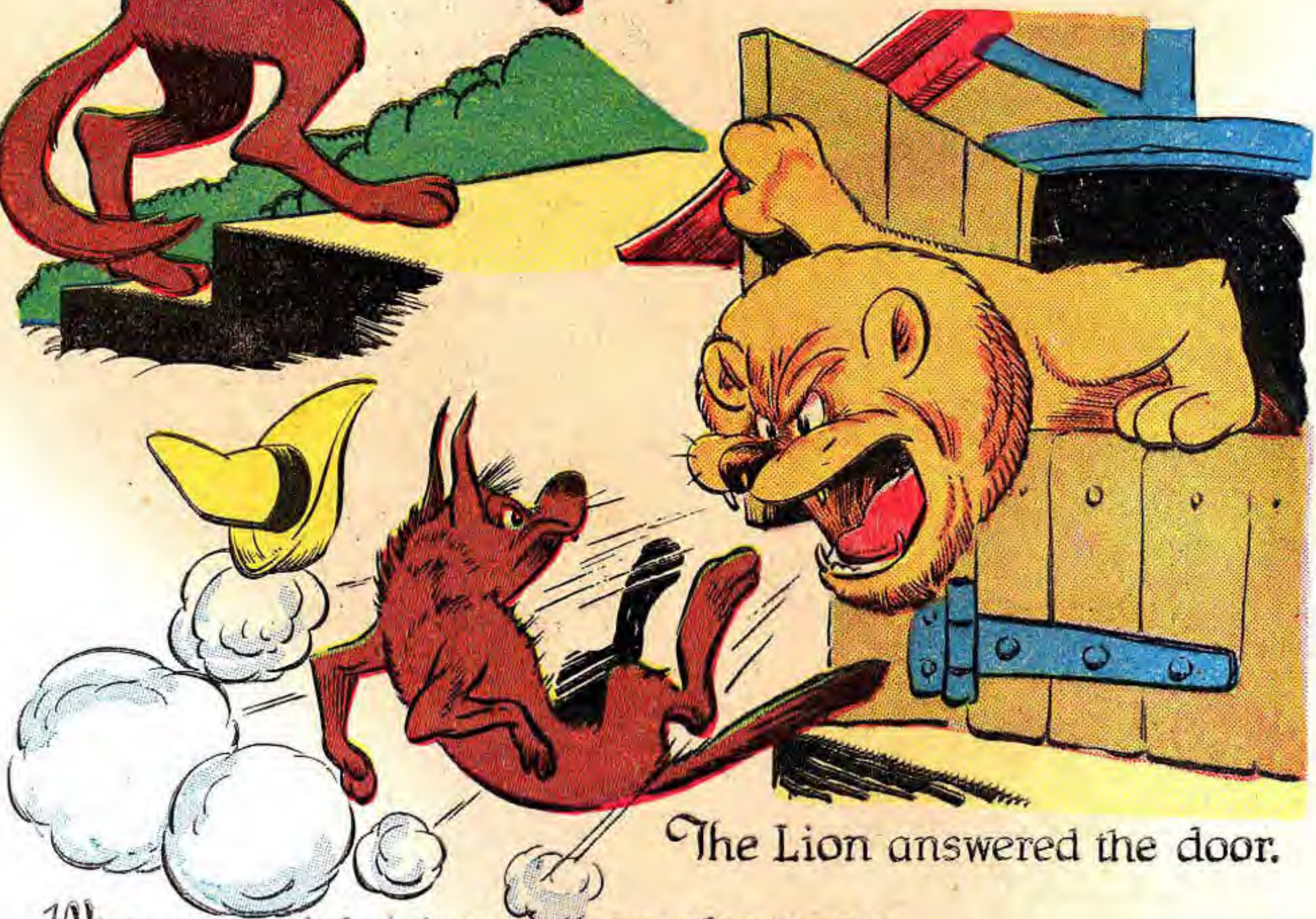


# The Mother Goose Birthday Party



"I'll Huff and I'll Puff  
and I'll **Blow** your  
house in!"  
Cried the wolf in a  
horrible roar.

Most everyone was frightened  
stiff, when



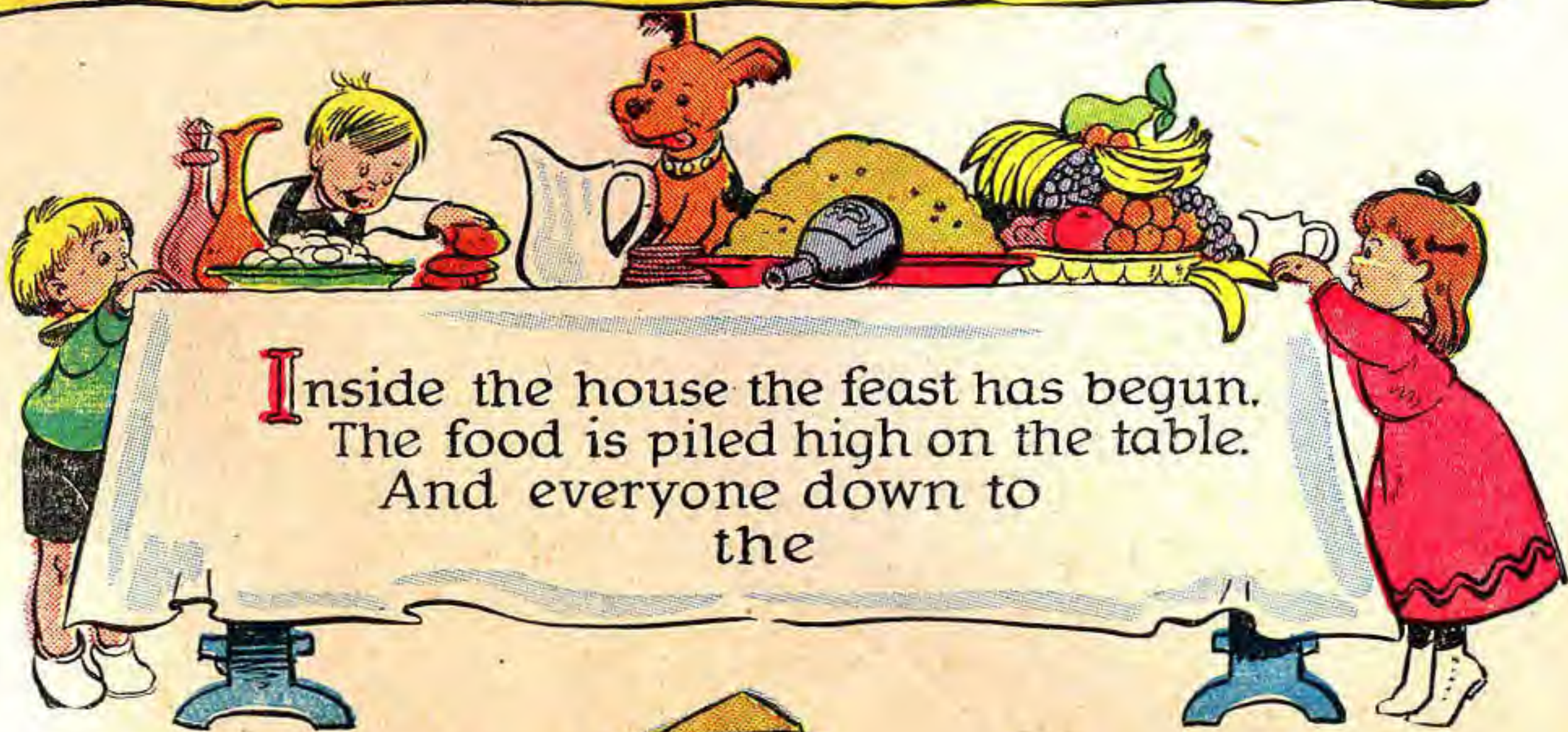
The Lion answered the door.

With one mighty leap across the room,  
And his teeth bared ready to fight,  
Old Leo rushed out, but the wolf had fled,  
Apparently filled with fright.





# *The Mother Goose Birthday Party*

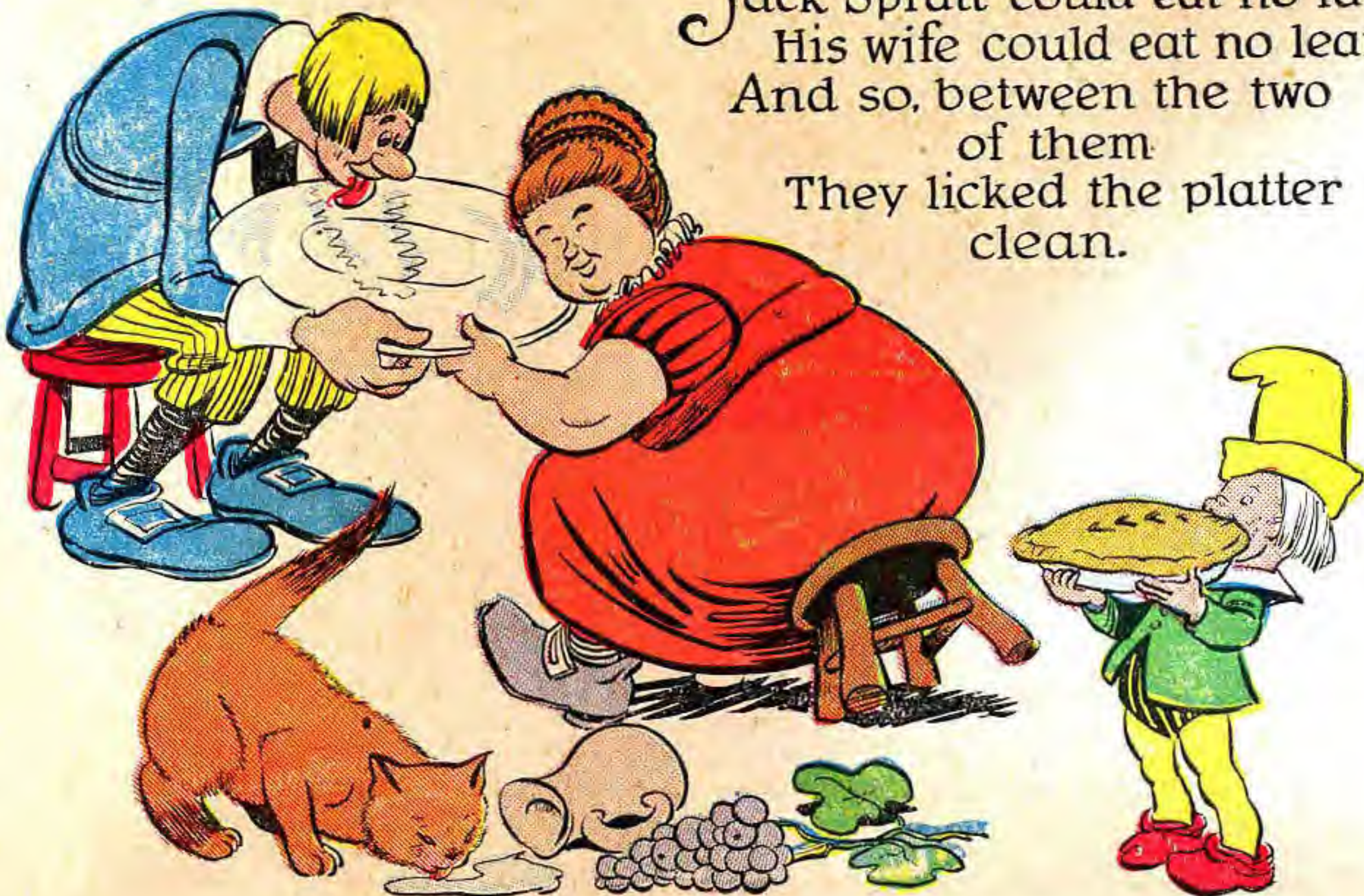


**I**nside the house the feast has begun.  
The food is piled high on the table.  
And everyone down to  
the



Tiniest Mouse  
Is eating as much as he's able.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean.  
And so, between the two  
of them  
They licked the platter  
clean.





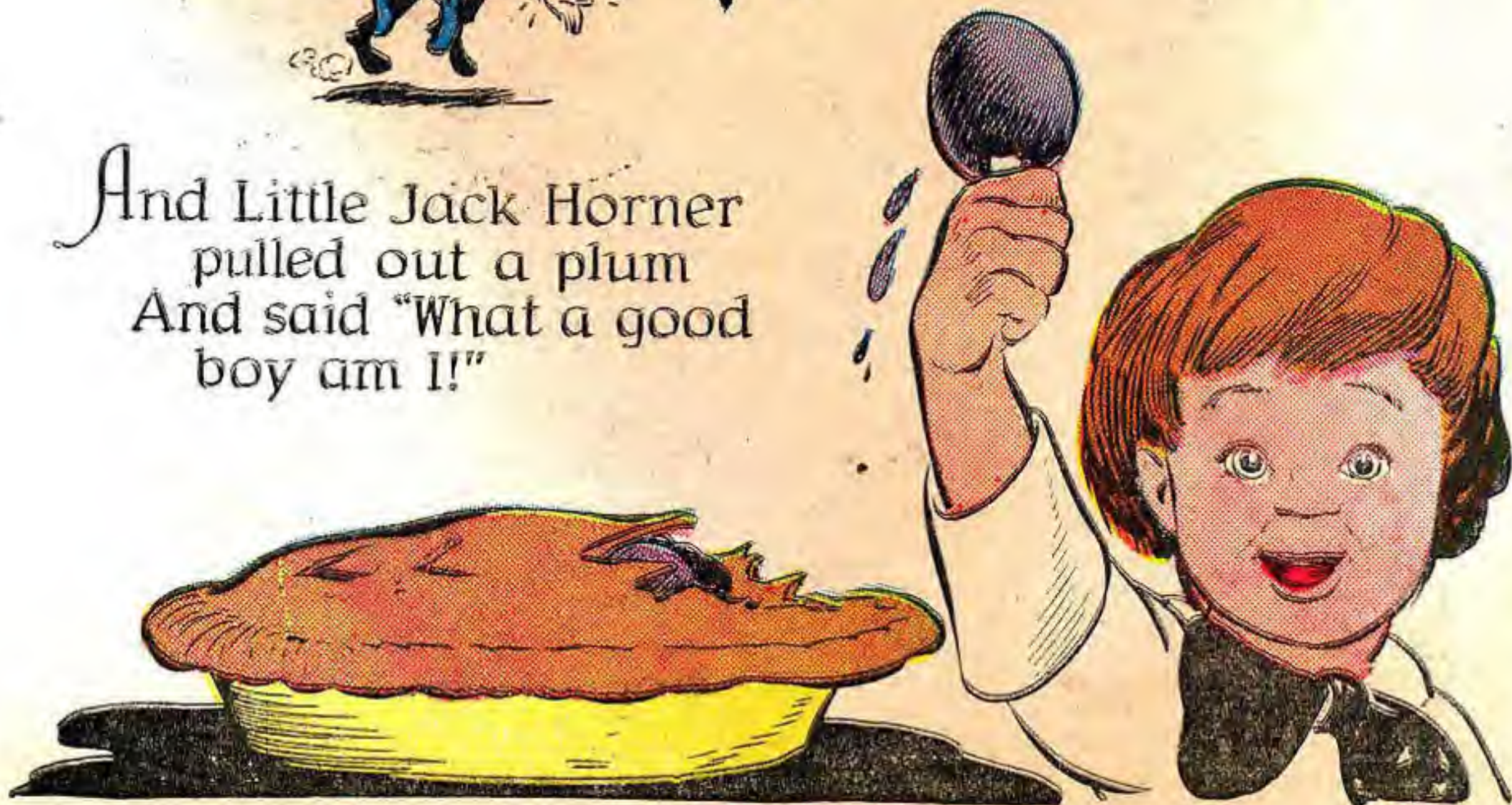
# *The Mother Goose Birthday Party*

Little Tommy Tucker sang  
for his supper,



The Spider danced  
with the Fly.

And Little Jack Horner  
pulled out a plum  
And said "What a good  
boy am I!"





# *The Mother Goose Birthday Party*



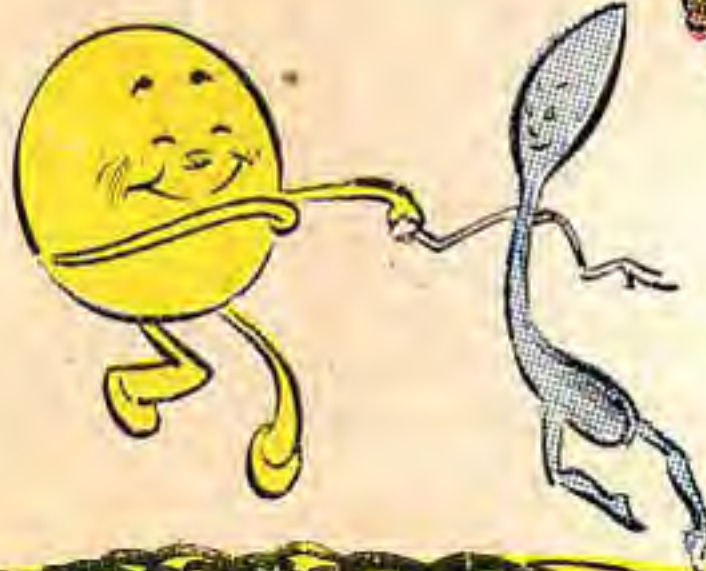
Old Mother Hubbard  
could now fill her  
cupboard;  
Her dog had plenty  
of bones.

And Little Bo Peep,  
who lost her  
sheep,  
Was feasting on  
ice cream  
cones.



The Cat on her fiddle  
Played "Hey! Diddle, diddle!"  
The dish danced with the  
spoon.

The Cow prepared for her  
mighty feat  
Of jumping over the moon.





# *The Mother Goose Birthday Party*

**A**nd so the night sped swiftly on,  
Each precious moment expended  
On fun and frolic, 'cause each one  
knew  
The party soon would be  
ended.



Little Boy Blue then  
blew his horn,  
A signal to stop  
all play.



A curtain was  
parted,  
Mother Goose  
appeared.  
She had a few  
words to  
say.





# *The Mother Goose Birthday Party*

"Our birthday party at midnight ends,  
And back to your Story Book pages  
You shall all return to gladden the hearts  
Of children down through the ages."



As the hour of midnight  
closer drew  
Excitement began to grow.  
The Gingerbread Boy  
quite forgot himself  
And started to chew  
up his toe.





# *The Mother Goose Birthday Party*

Again the sound of the horn  
was heard  
And out of a great big pie



Came four and twenty  
blackbirds,  
Each with a happy  
cry.



The birds flew all around  
the room  
And then perched on a  
shelve.

A mouse ran up the  
grandfather's clock  
Just as the clock struck  
*twelve!*



# *The Mother Goose Birthday Party*

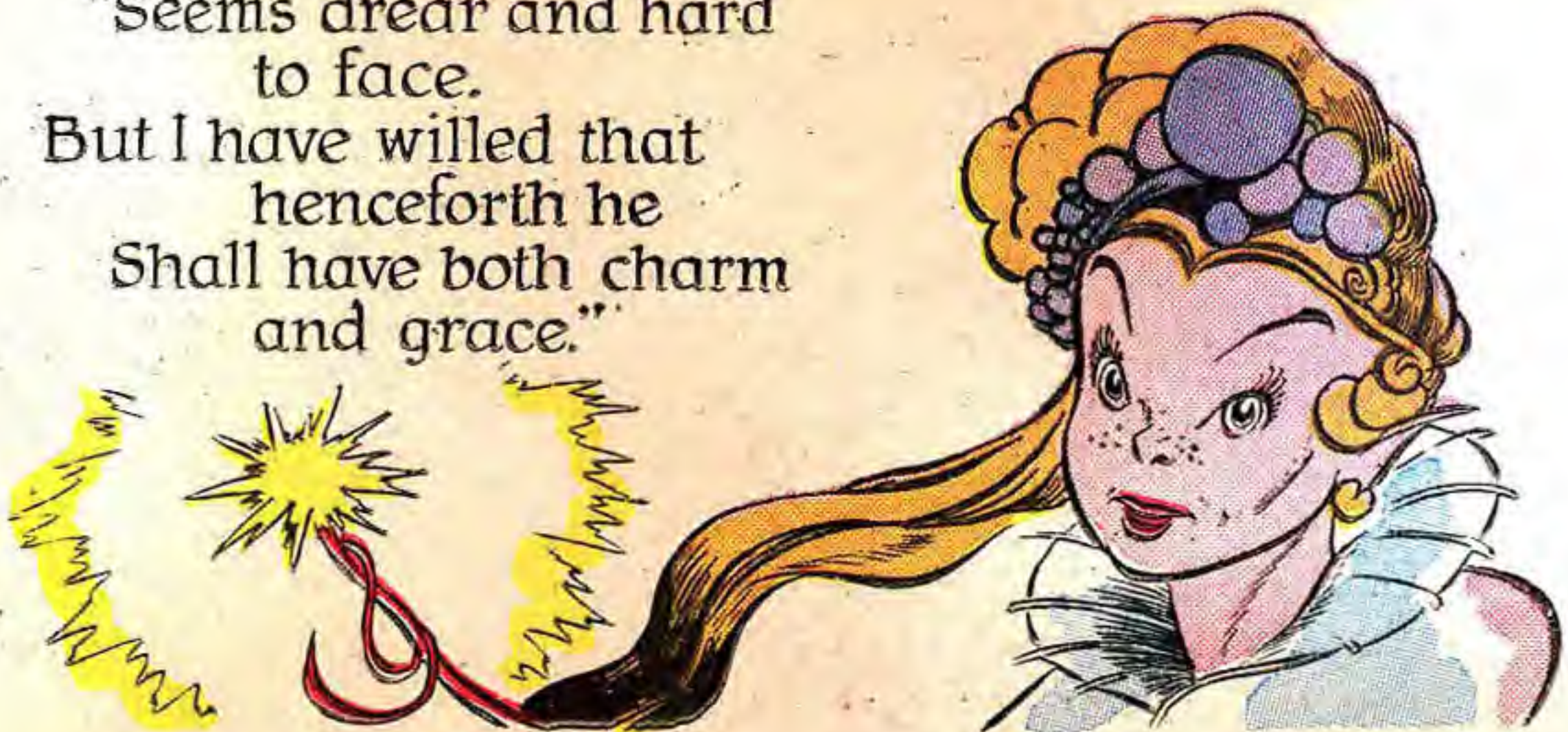


A blinding flash, a puff  
of smoke,  
And upon the startled  
scene,  
All dressed in white, with  
crown of gold,  
Appeared the

*Fairy  
Queen!*



"To one amongst you, life,"  
she said,  
"Seems drear and hard  
to face.  
But I have willed that  
henceforth he  
Shall have both charm  
and grace."





# *The Mother Goose Birthday Party*

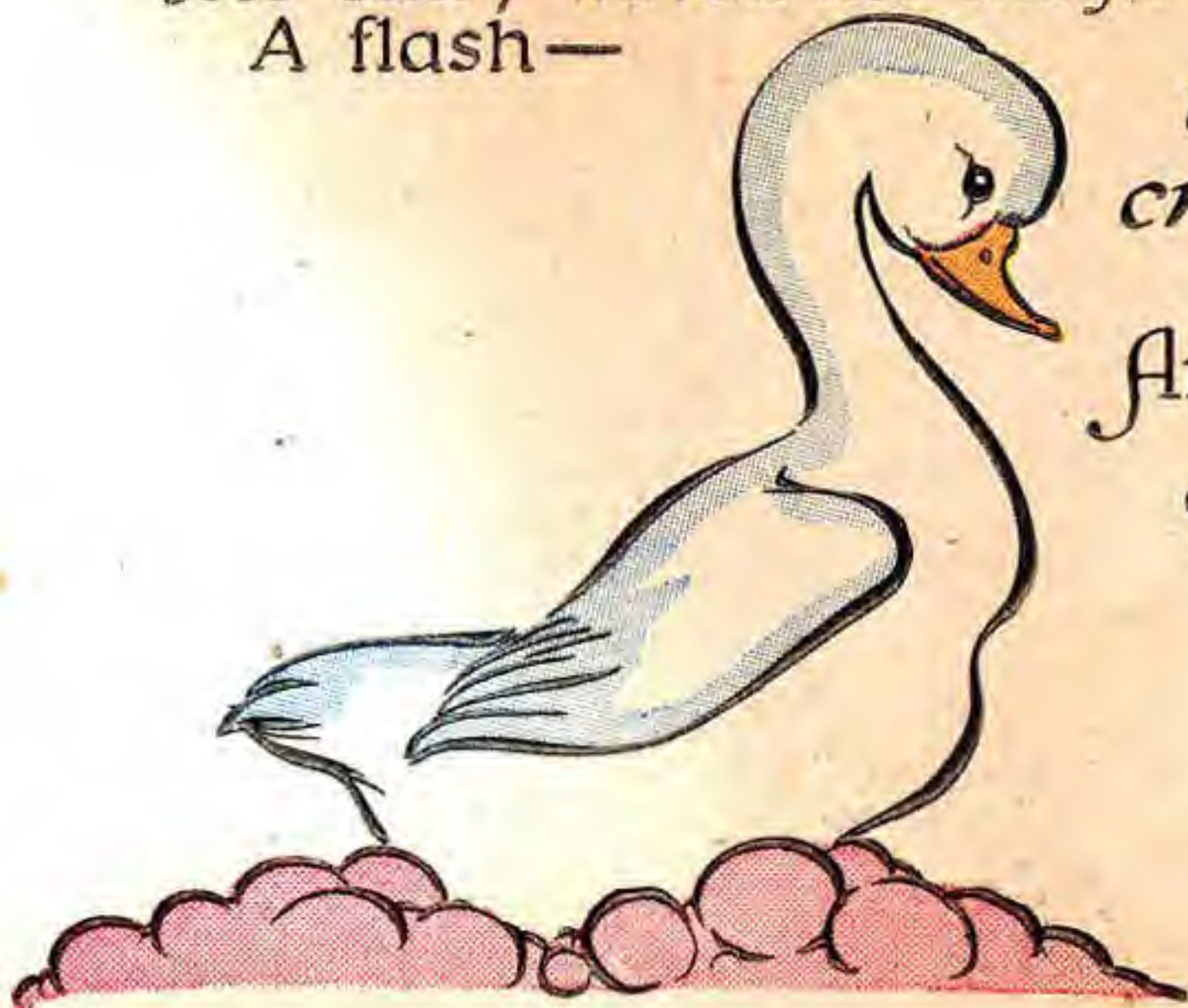
**N**obody knew but Mother Goose,  
Who under her breath  
was chuckling,  
That the one of whom the  
fairy spoke  
Was none but the  
Ugly Duckling!



The fairy waved her magic wand,  
A flash—

*the  
creature was gone!*

And where once the  
ugly duckling stood  
There was now a  
beautiful swan.





# *The Mother Goose Birthday Party*

All gazed in wonder as they beheld  
This miracle, wondrous strange,  
And even those who once had  
scoffed  
Were delighted with the  
change.



The Fairy Queen, with gentle smile,  
Had another surprise in store.  
Cinderella's coach and horses  
were  
In waiting at the door.

The Beautiful Swan was  
whisked away  
Into the starlit night.  
Back to the fable from  
whence he came  
To a life now sweet  
and bright.





# *The Mother Goose Birthday Party*



The rest of the people  
left behind  
All joined hand in hand;  
To Mother Goose bade a fond farewell,  
And returned to story-book  
land.



There you'll find them  
all today,  
Still quite hale and  
hearty,  
Willing and able to be  
a guest  
At any child's birthday  
party.



# AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

by D. Goldsmith

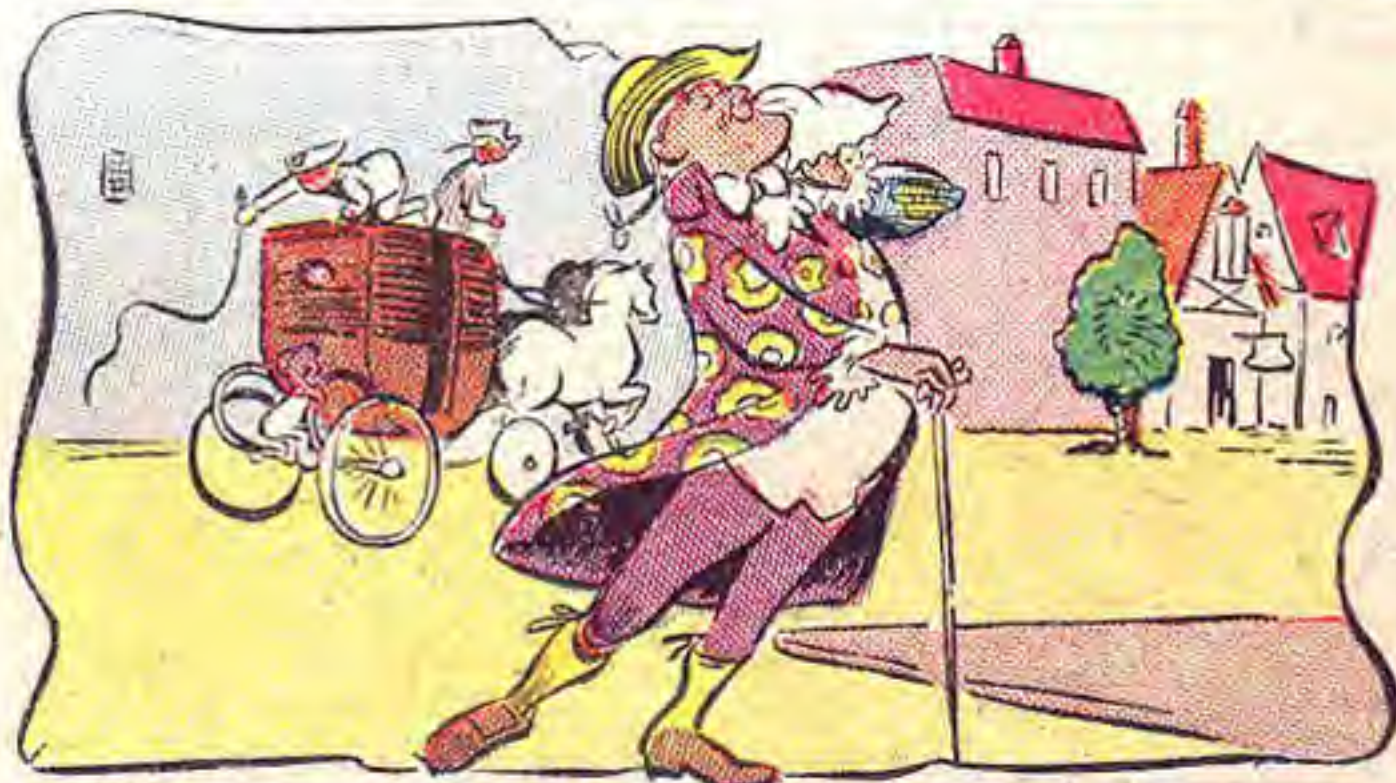
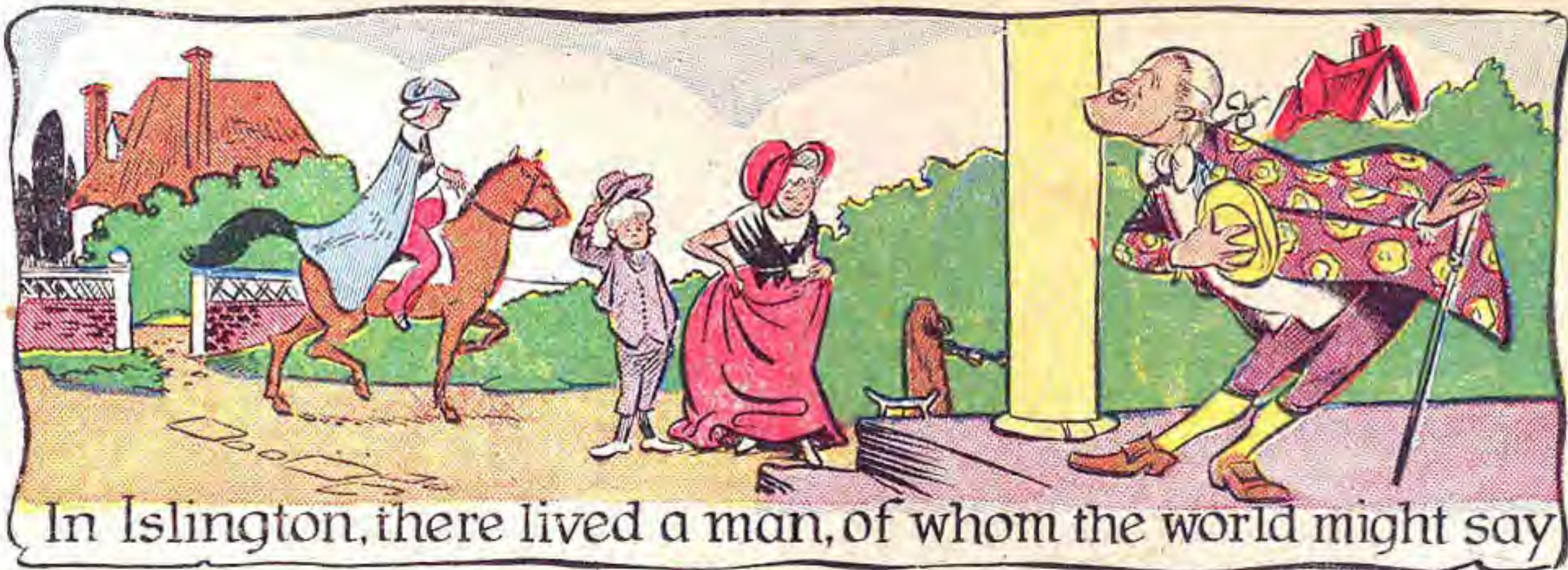


Good people all, of every sort, give ear unto my song,



And if you find it wondrous short, it cannot hold you long.

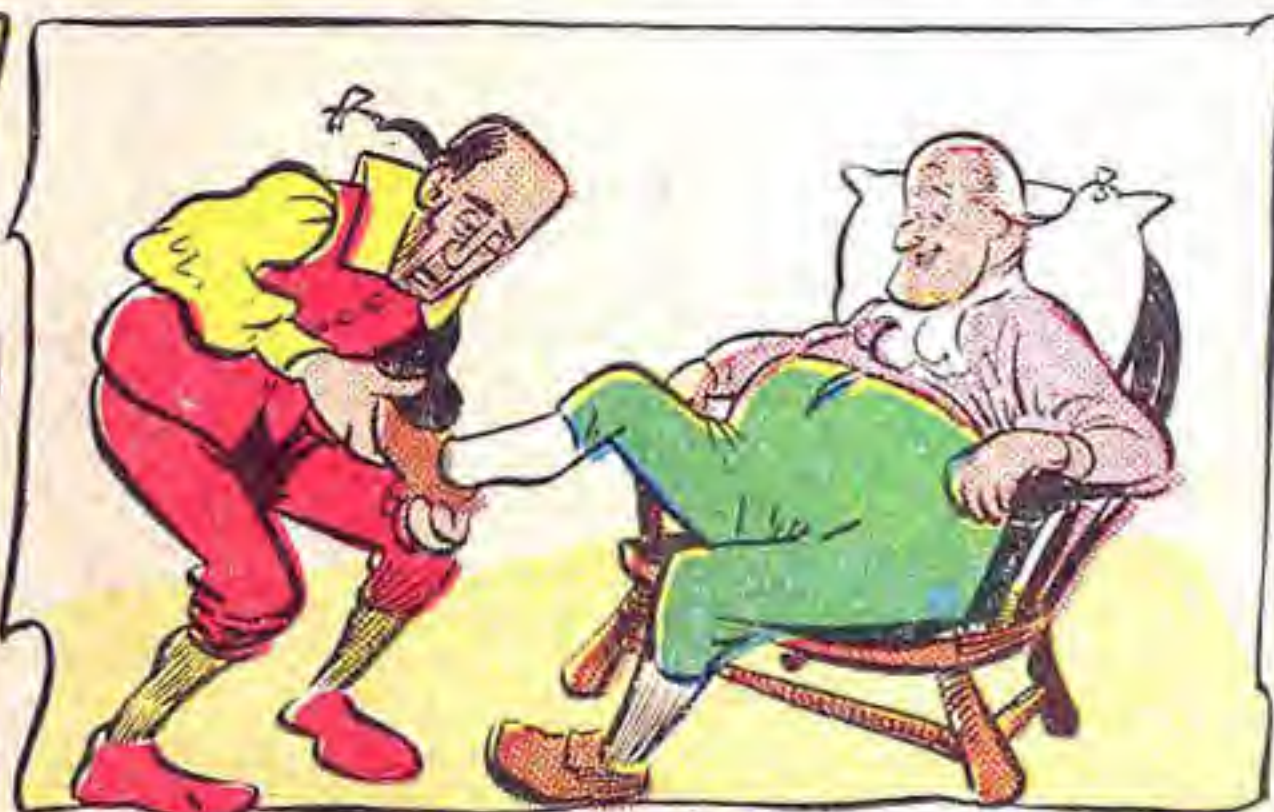




That still a Godly race he ran, whenever he went to pray.

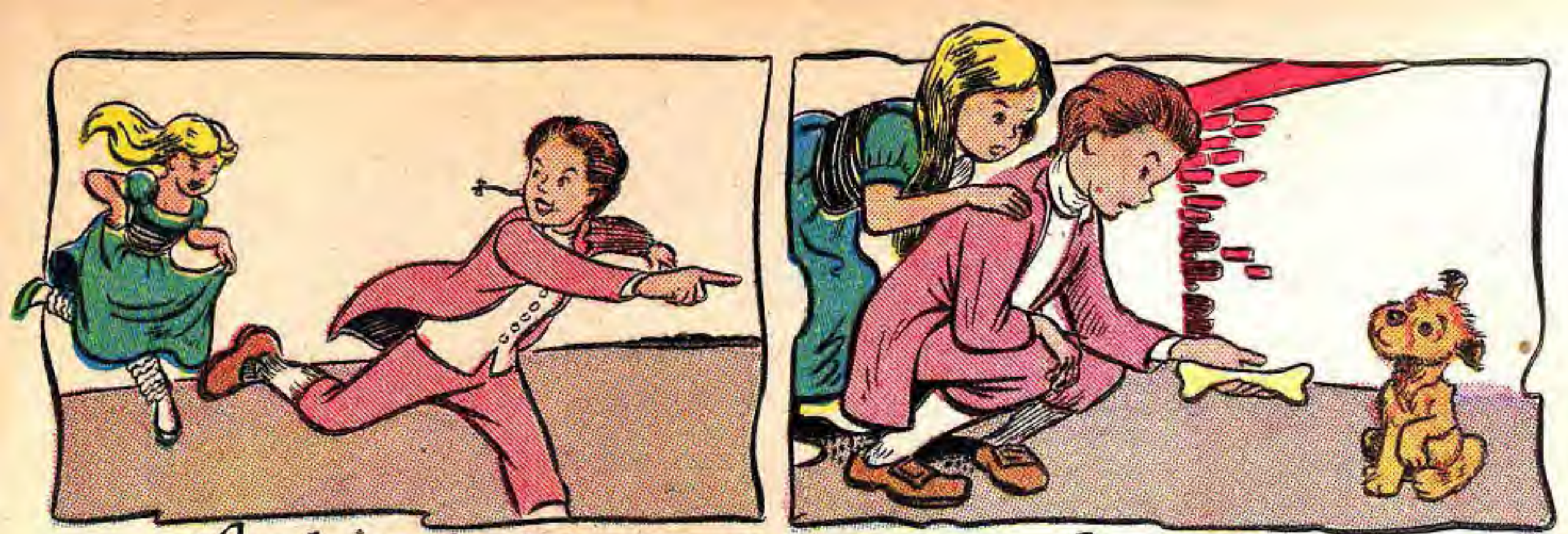


A kind and gentle heart he had, to comfort friends and foes,



The naked every day he clad, when he put on his clothes.





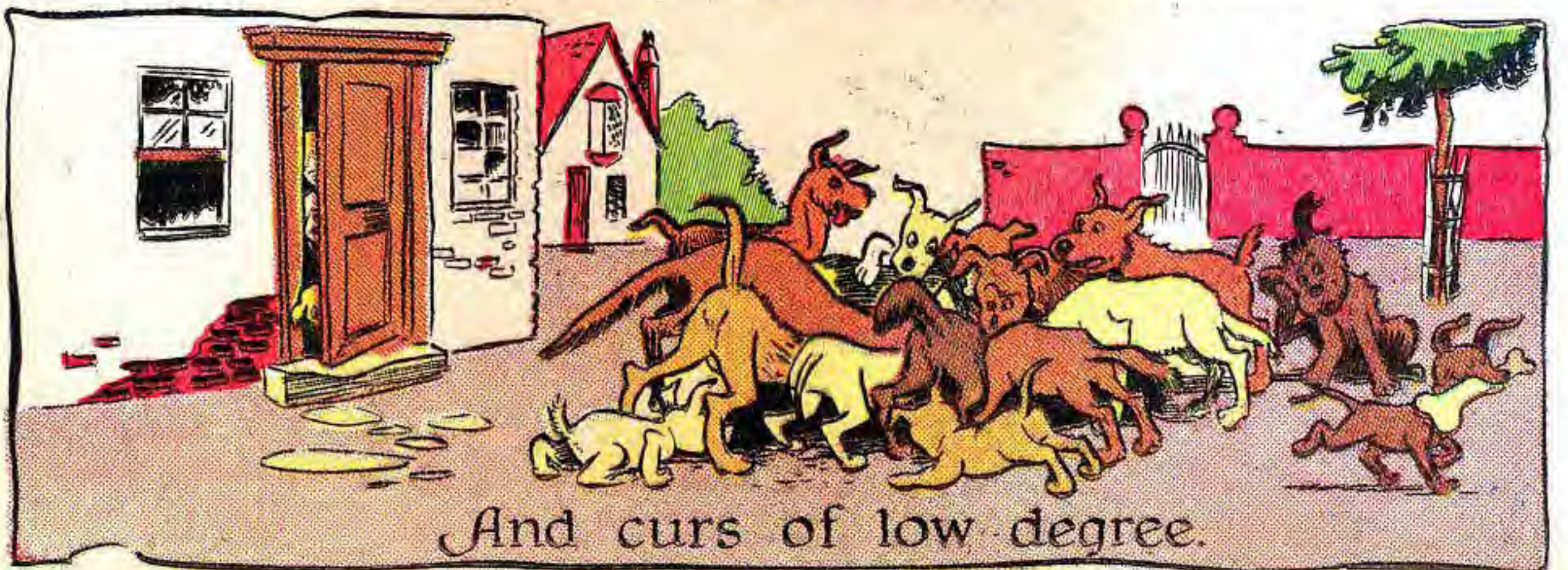
And in that town a dog was found



As many dogs there be—

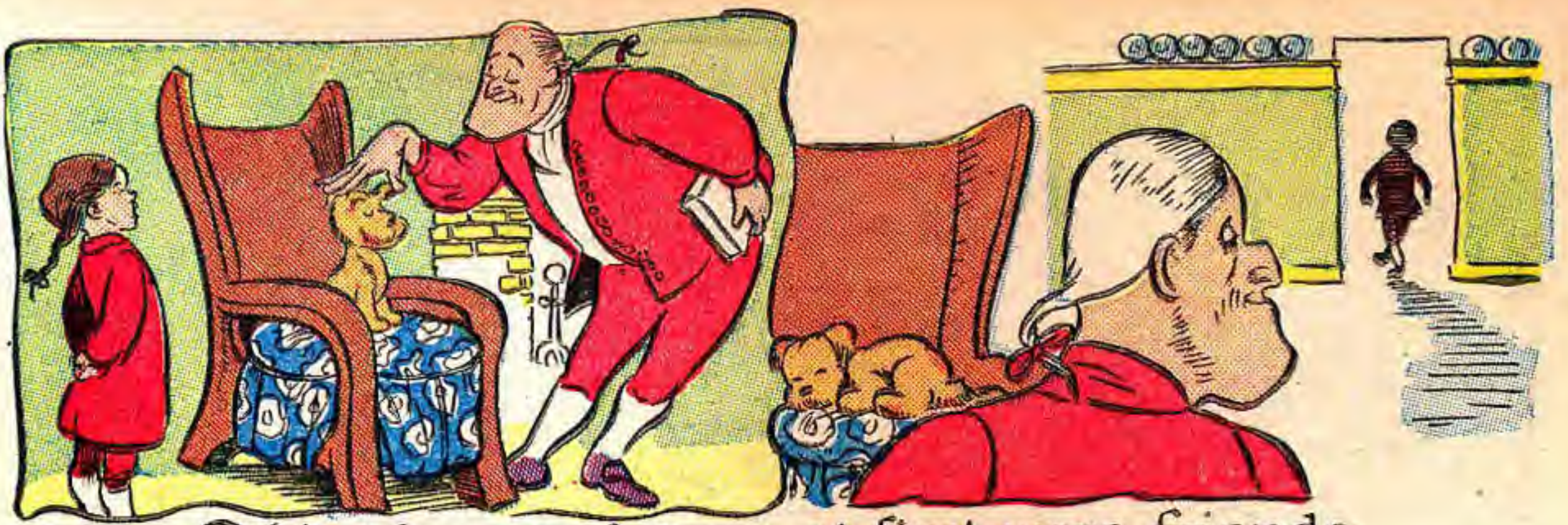


Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound

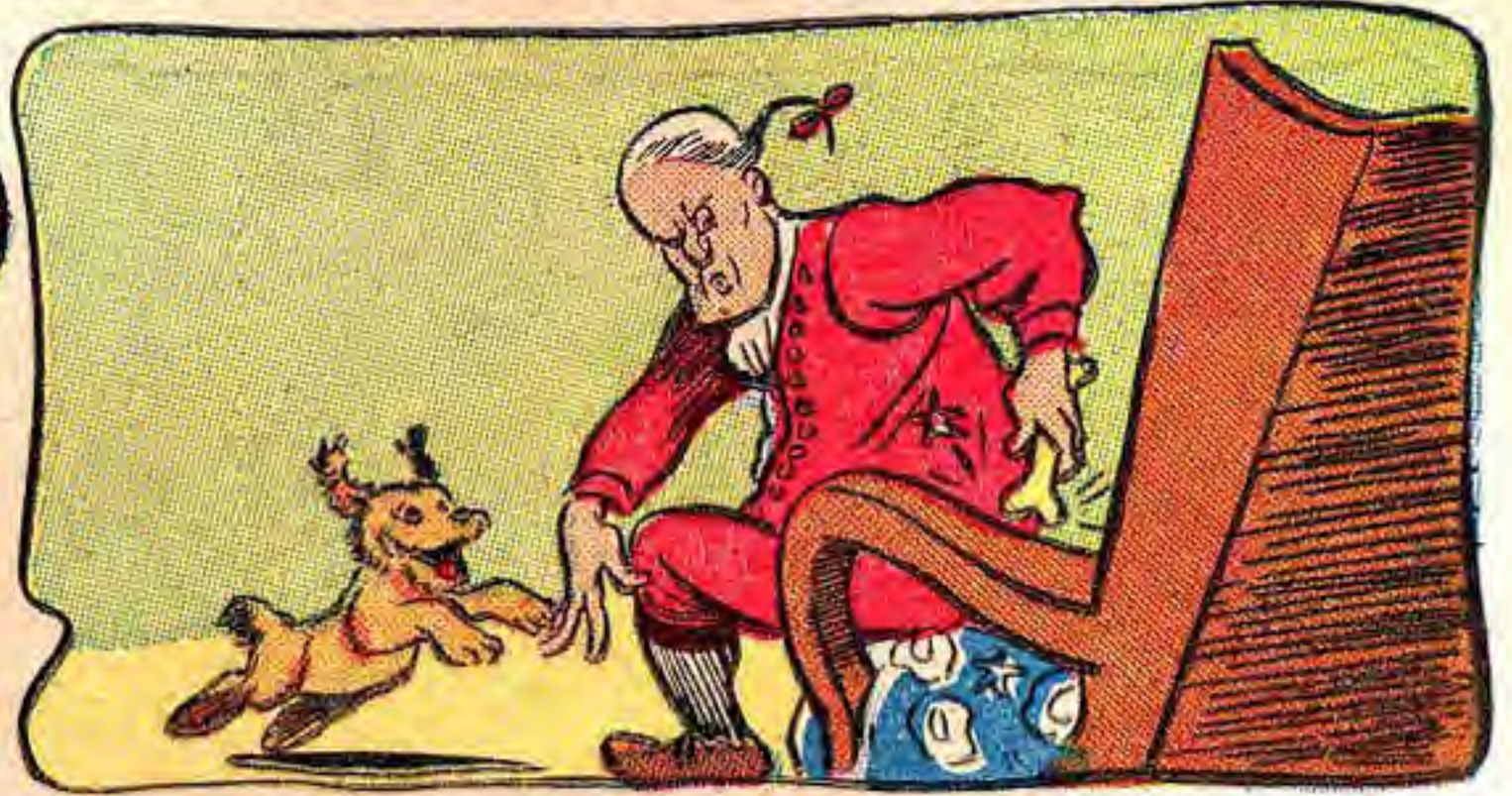


And curs of low degree.

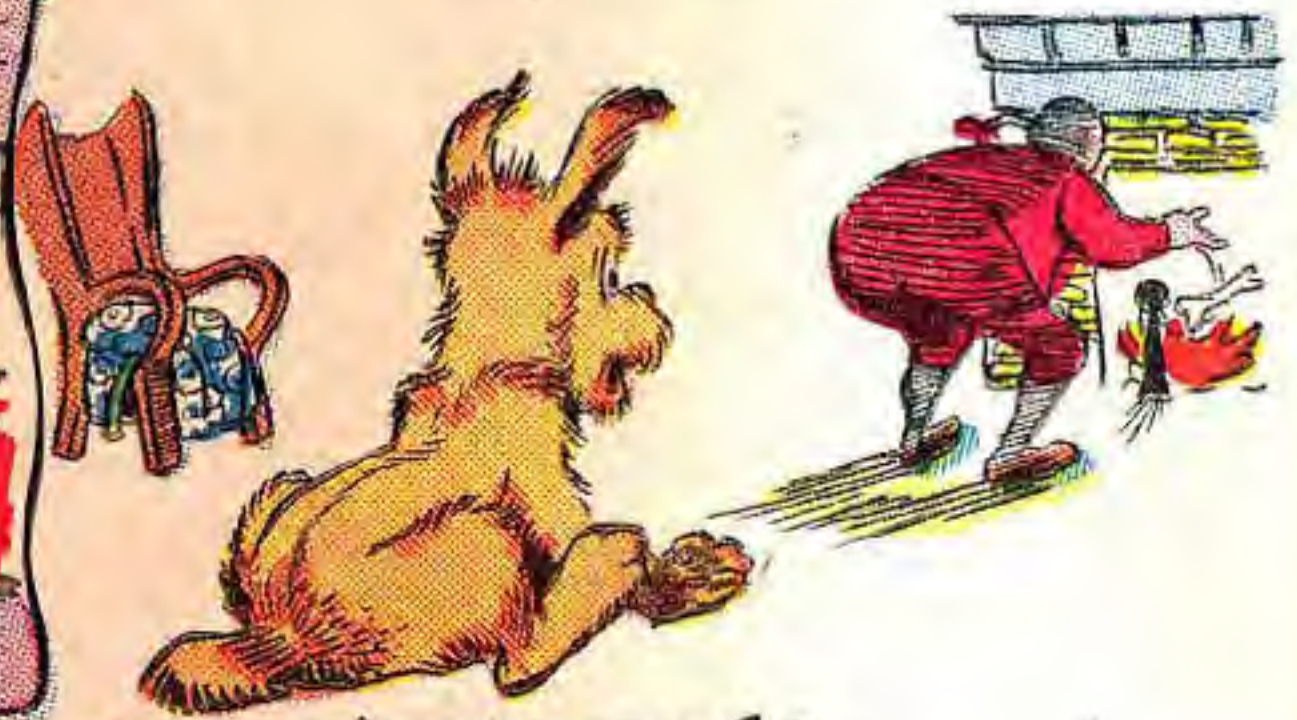




This dog and man at first were friends;



But—when a pique began,



The dog, to gain some private ends,



Went mad



and bit the man.





Around from all the neighboring streets



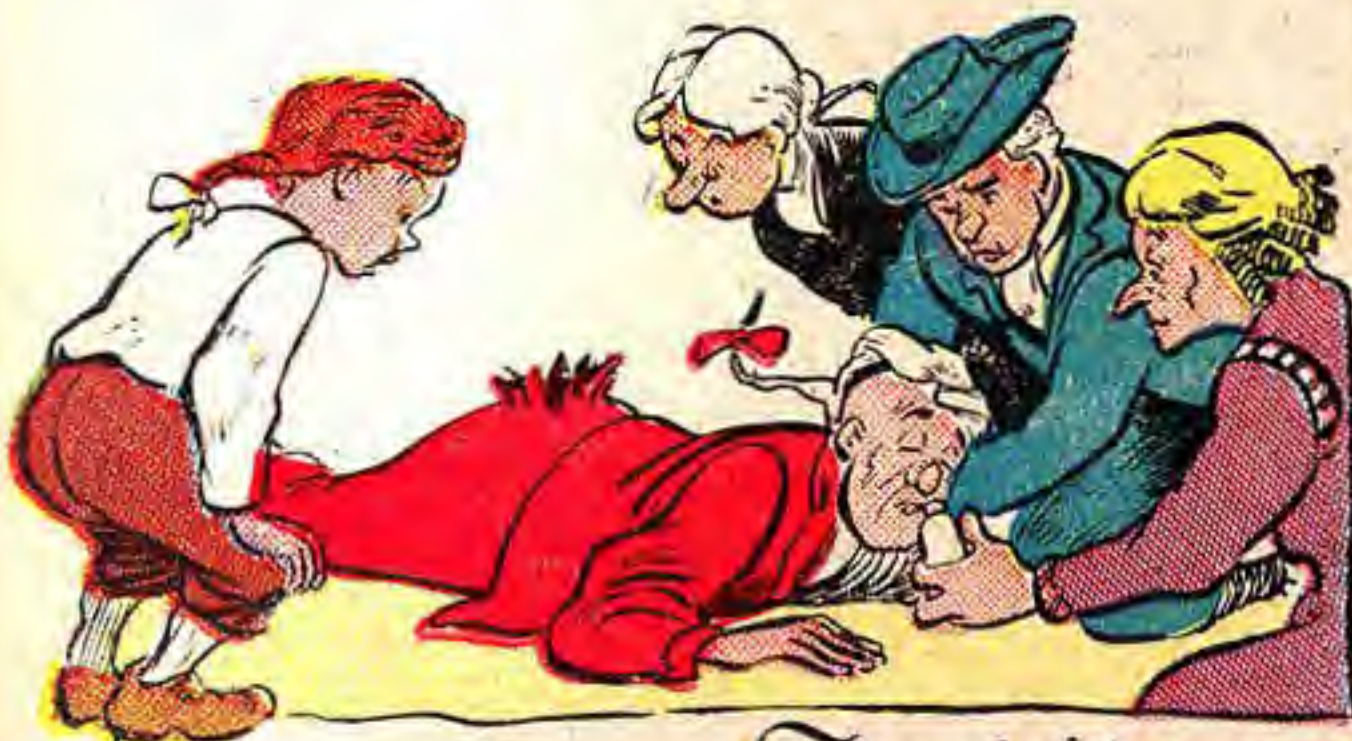
The wondering neighbors



ran,



And swore the dog had lost its wits

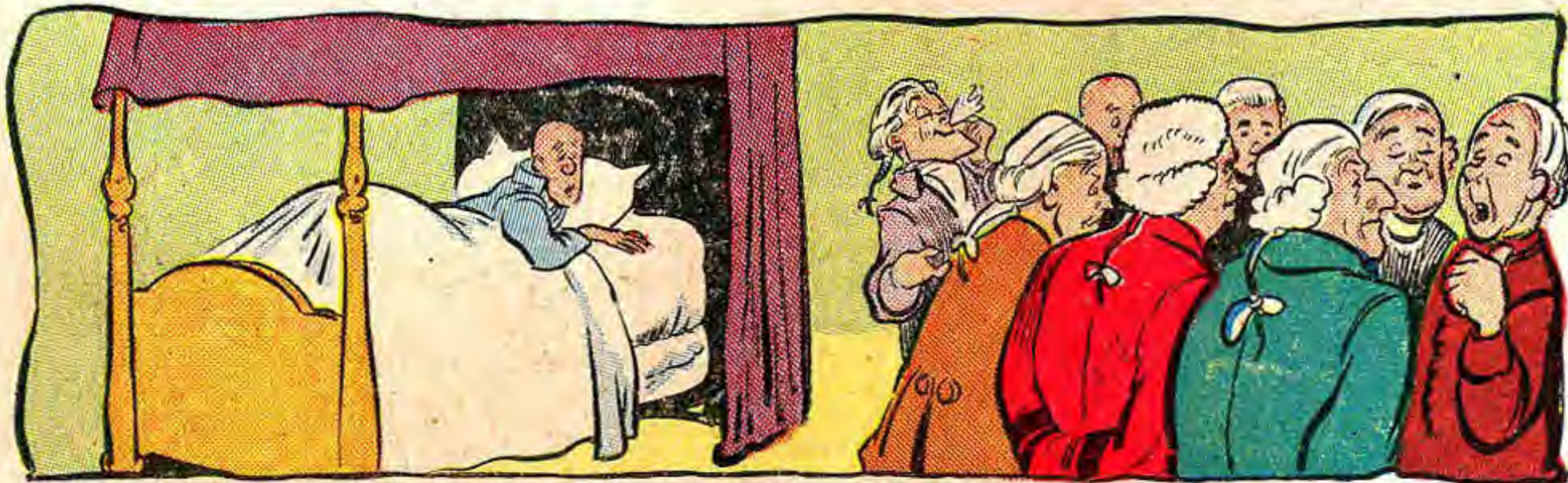


To bite so good a man.

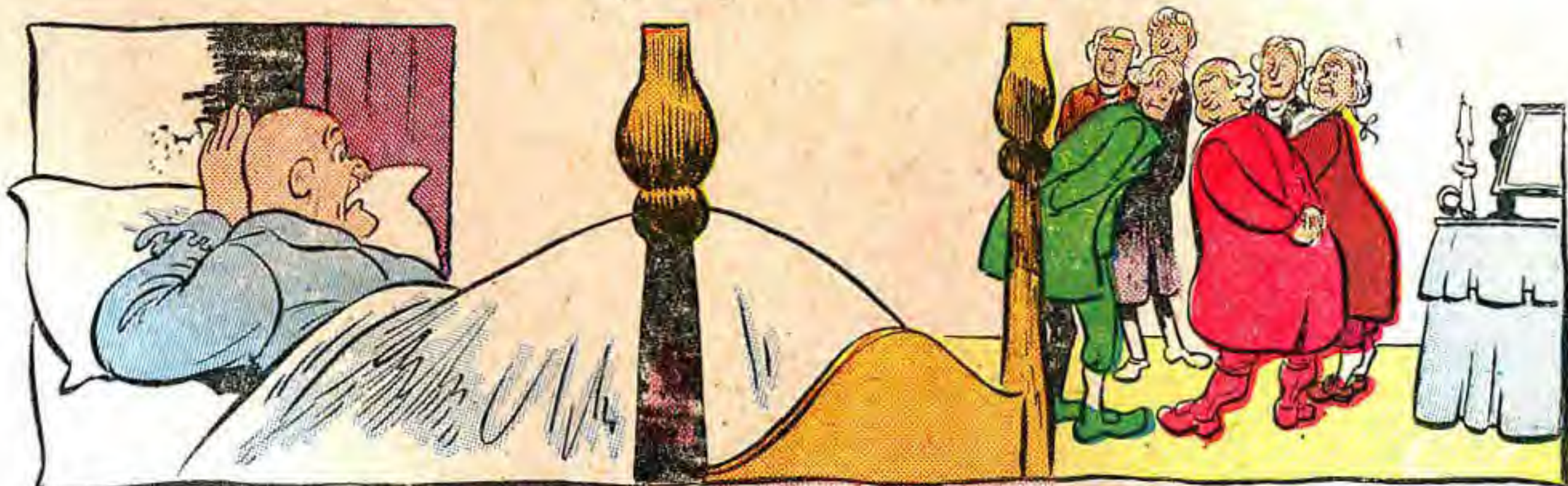




The wound, it seemed both sore and sad to every Christian eye,



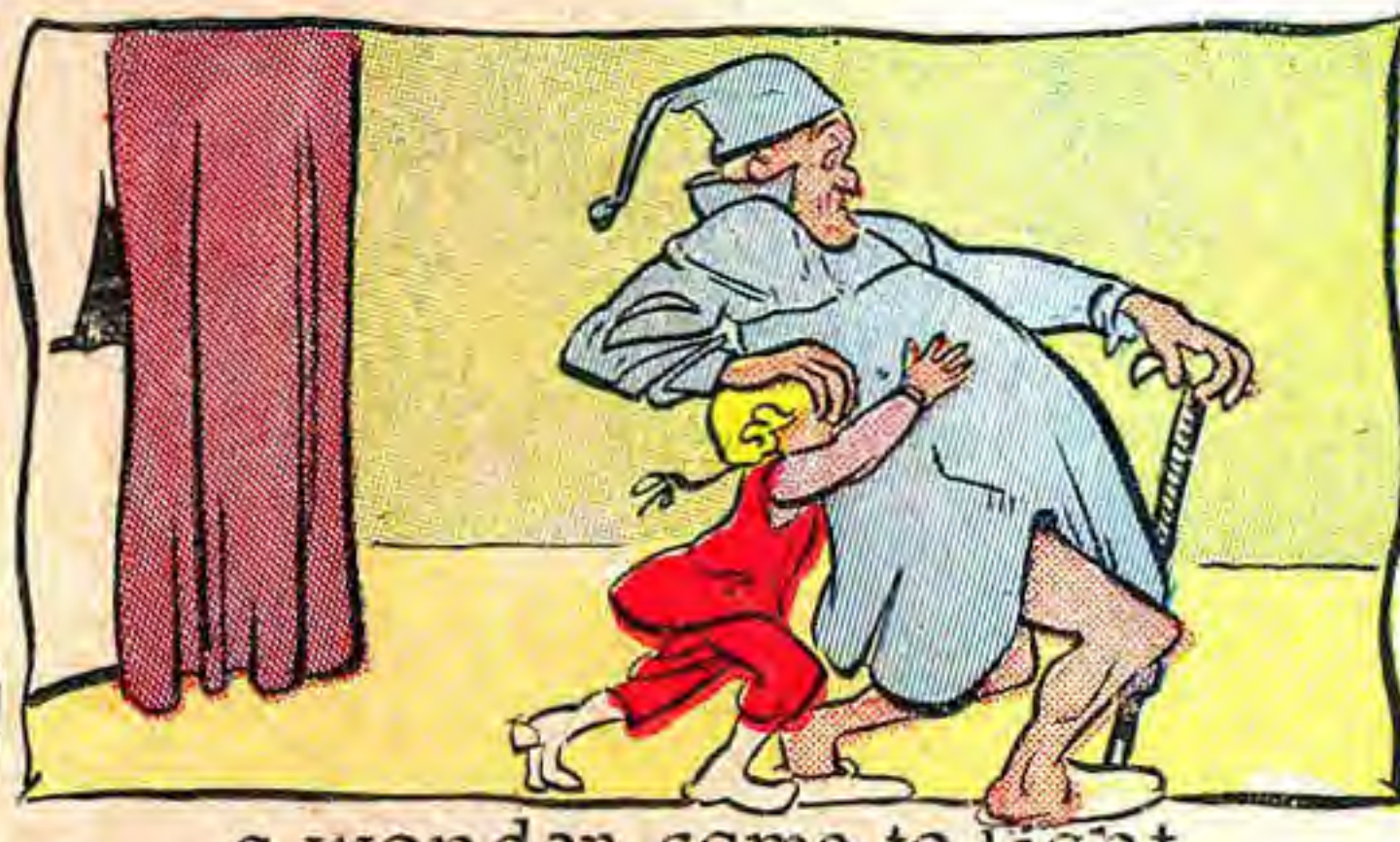
And while they swore the dog was mad



They swore the man would die.

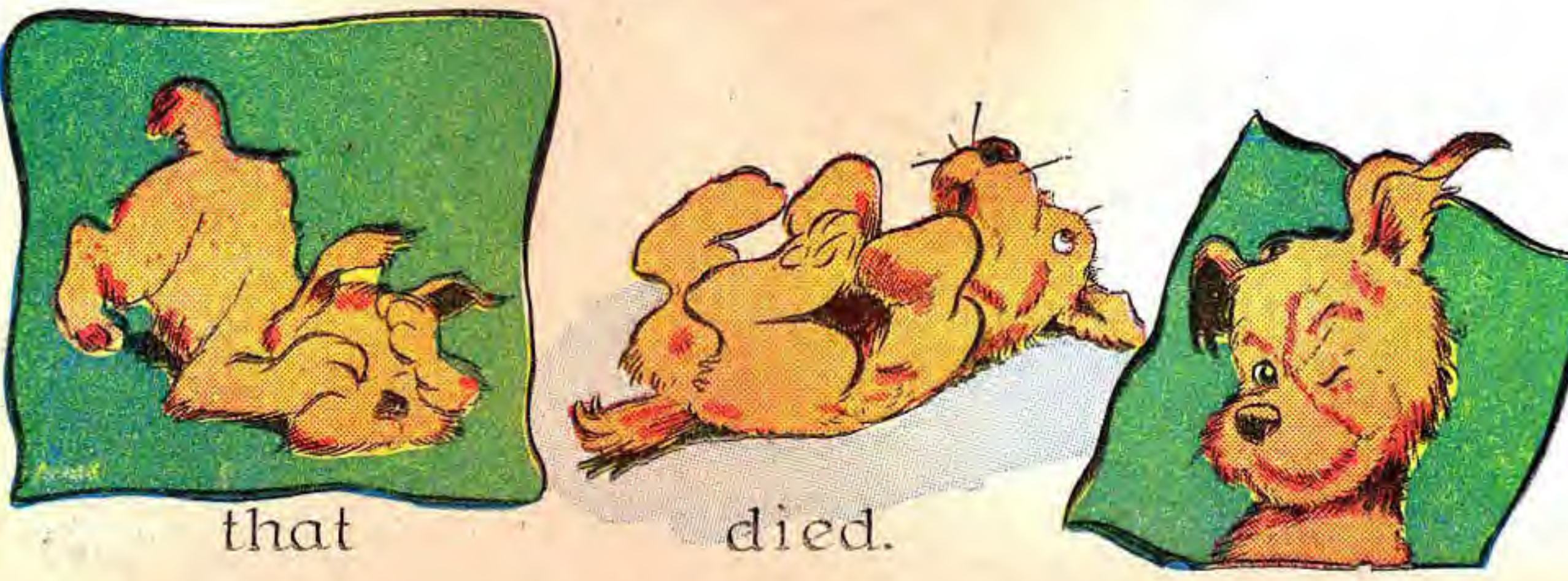
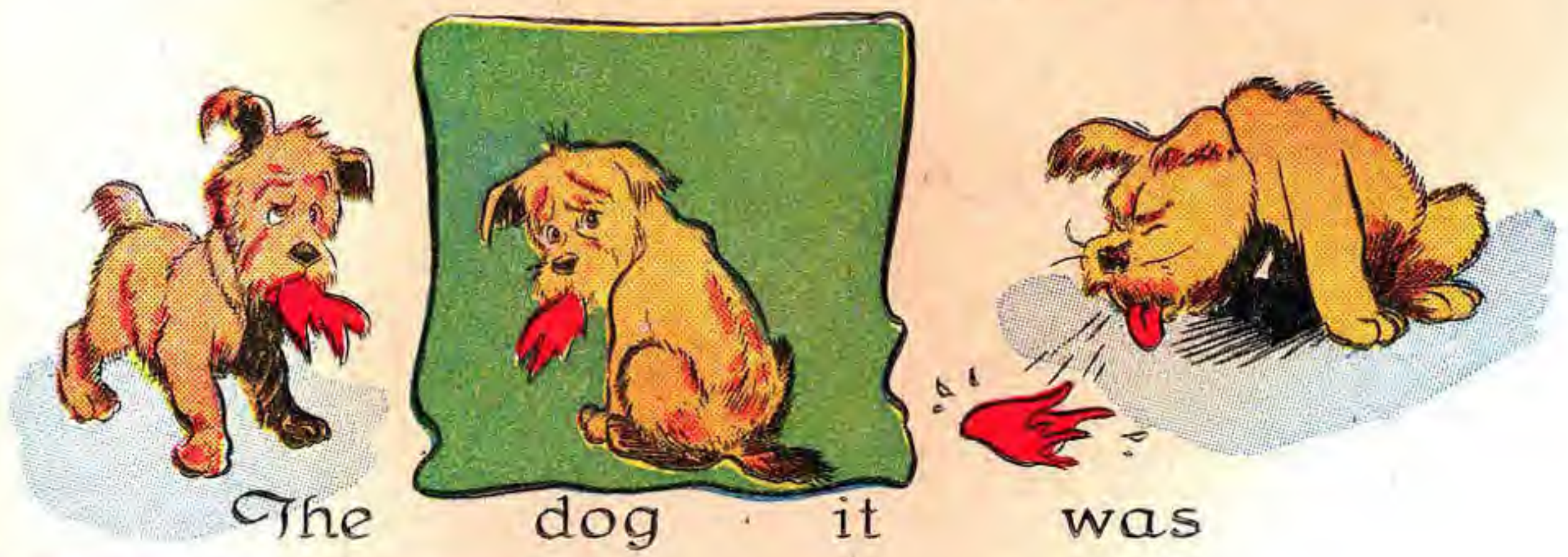
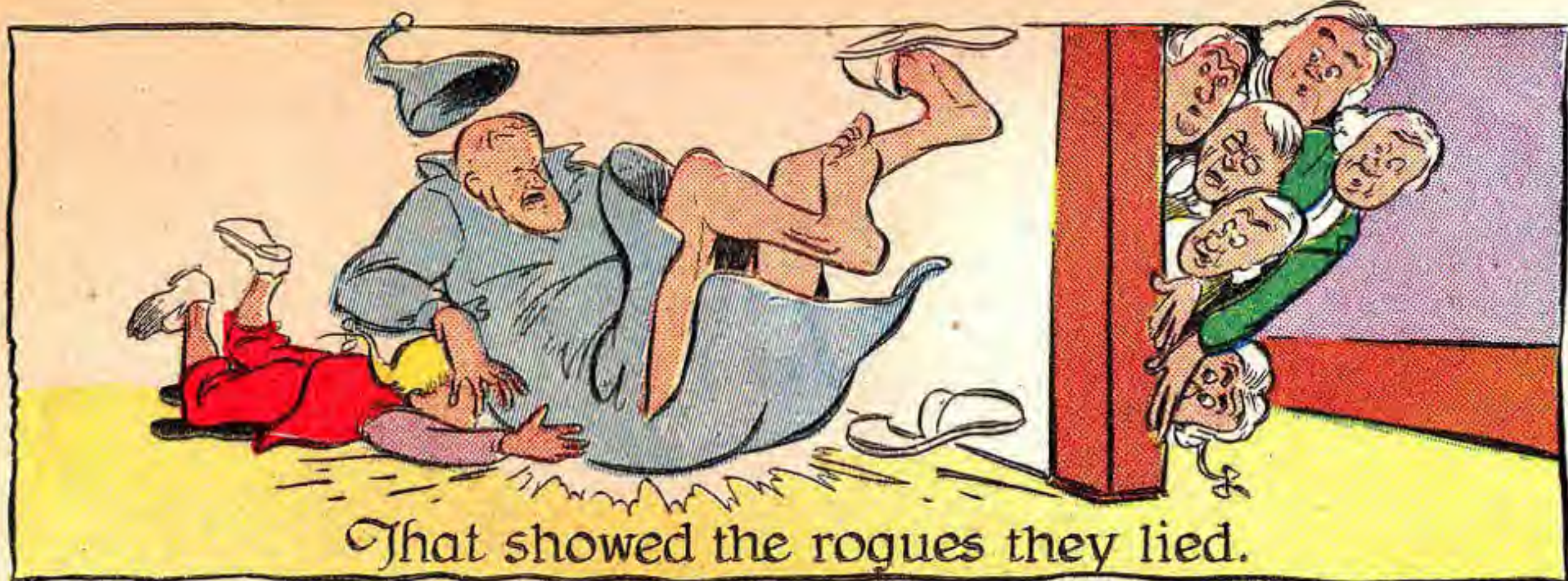


But soon



a wonder came to light,







# Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?



"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"

"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"And what is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

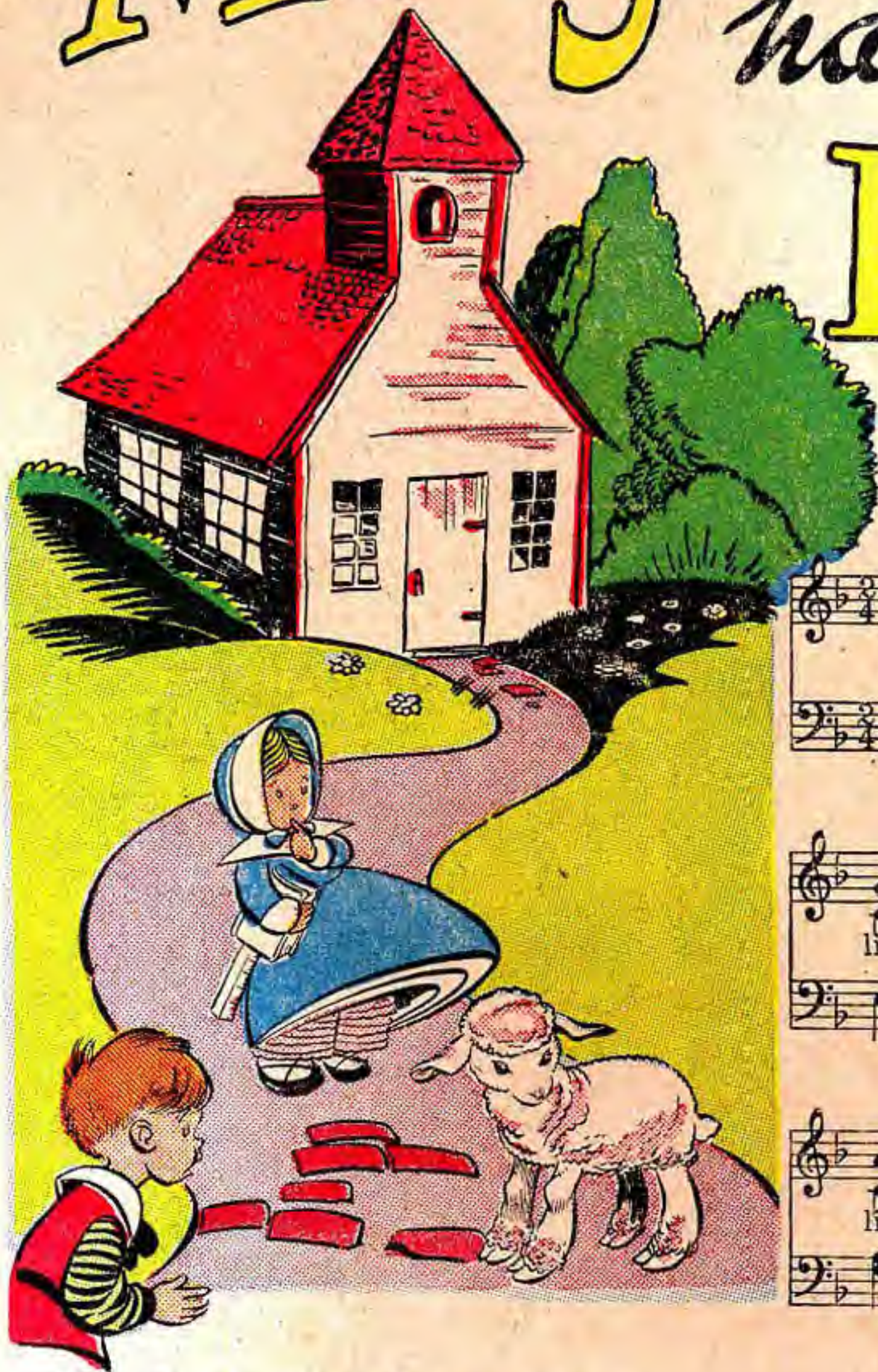
"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."

"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.





# Mary had a little Lamb



And everywhere that  
Mary went  
The lamb was sure  
to go.

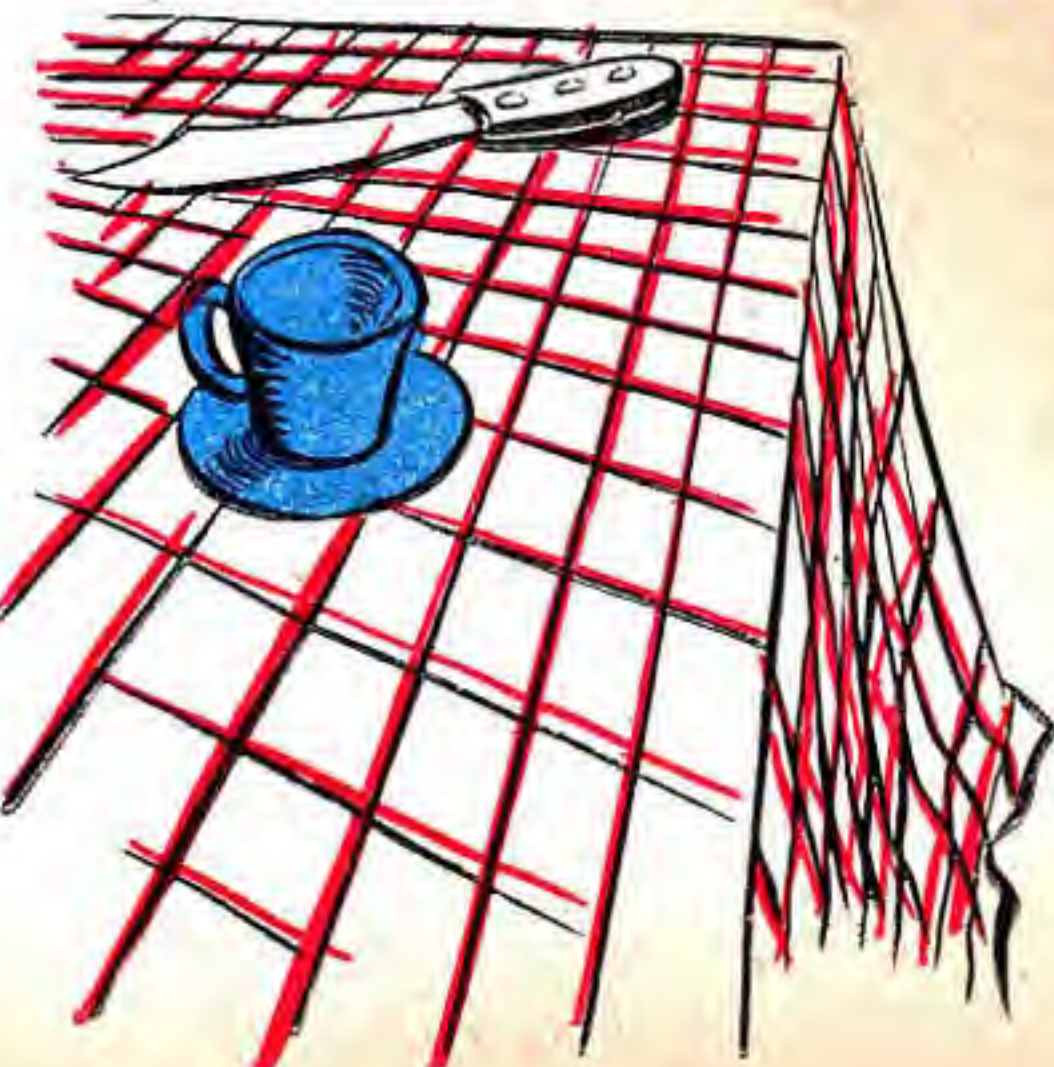
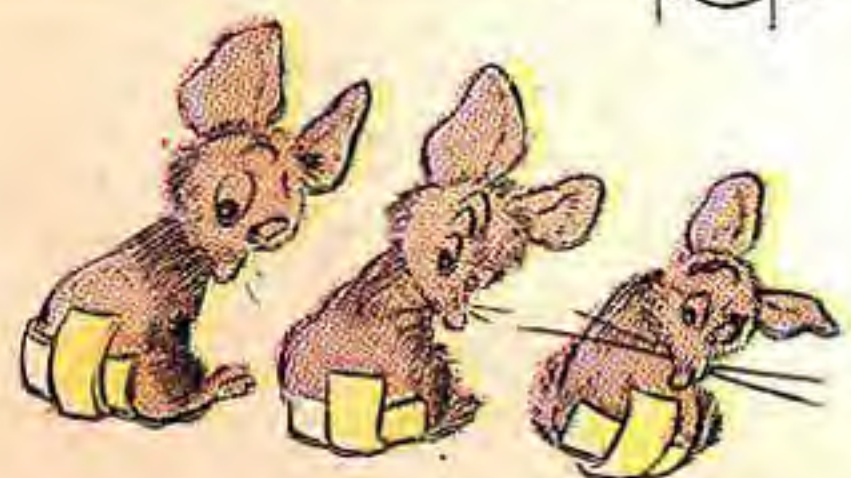
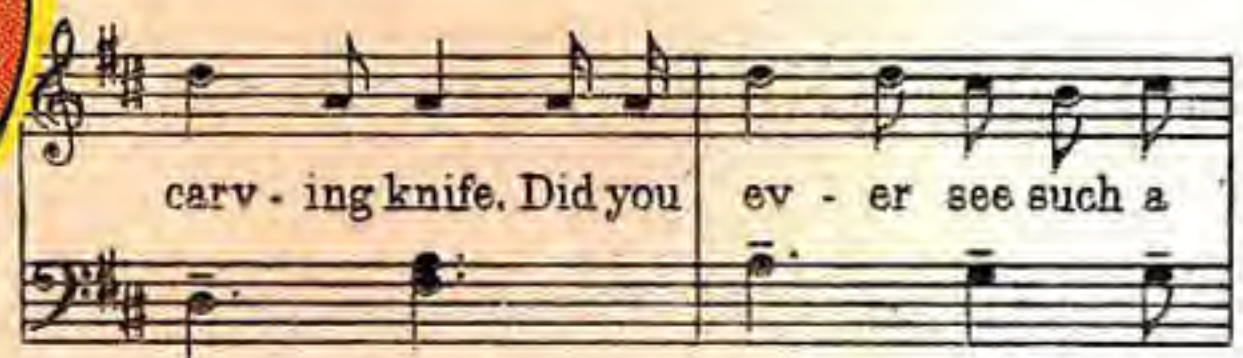
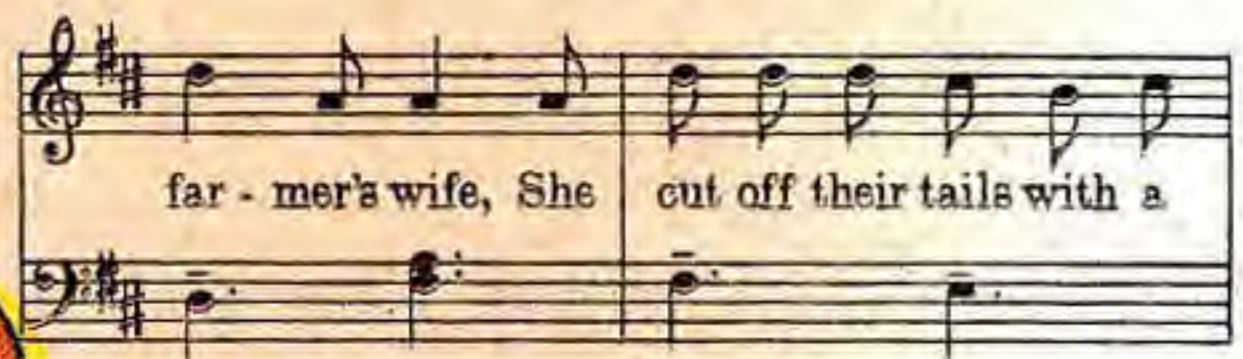
He followed her to  
school one day  
Which was against  
the rule.



It made the children  
laugh and play  
To see a lamb at school.



# THREE BLIND MICE

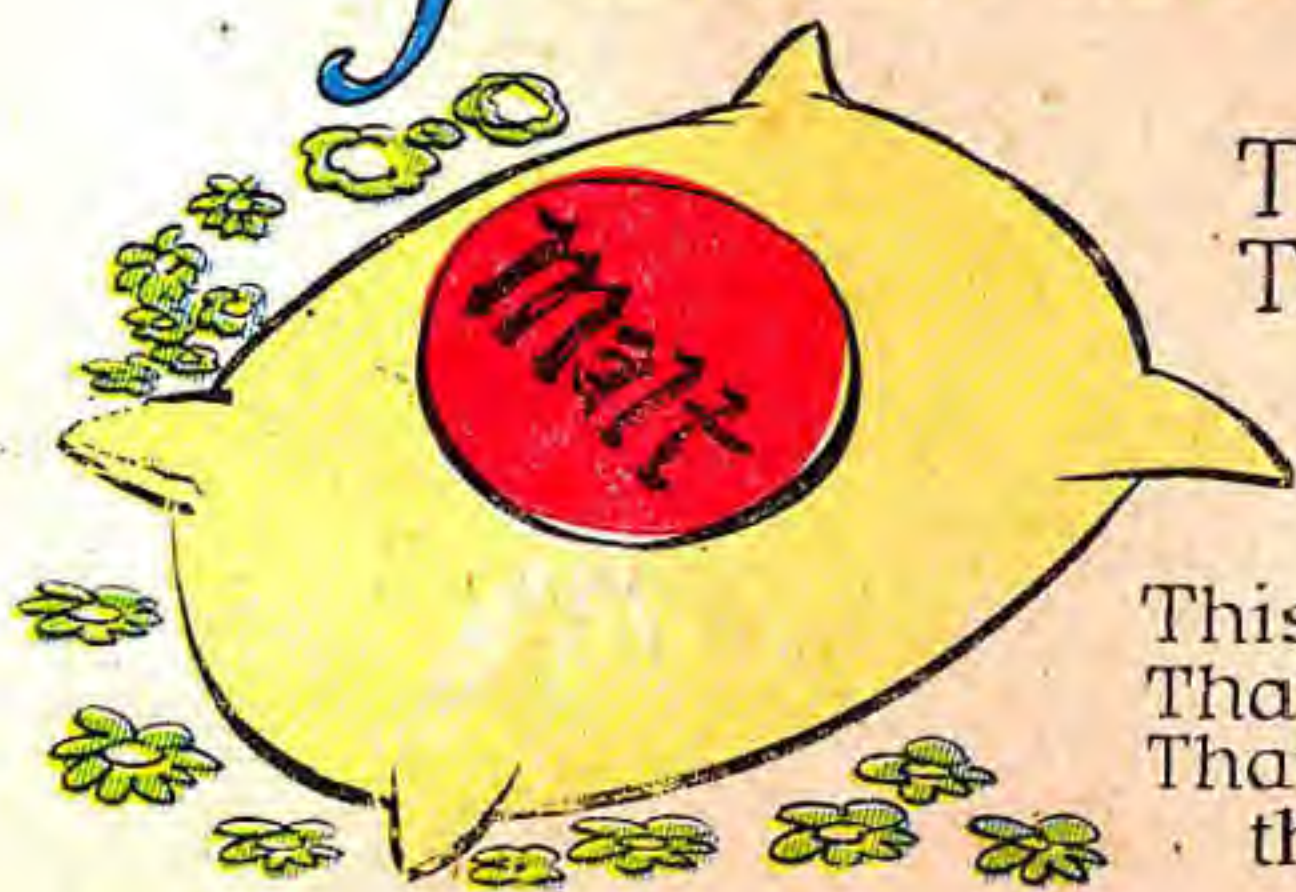




# The House that Jack Built



This is the house that Jack built.



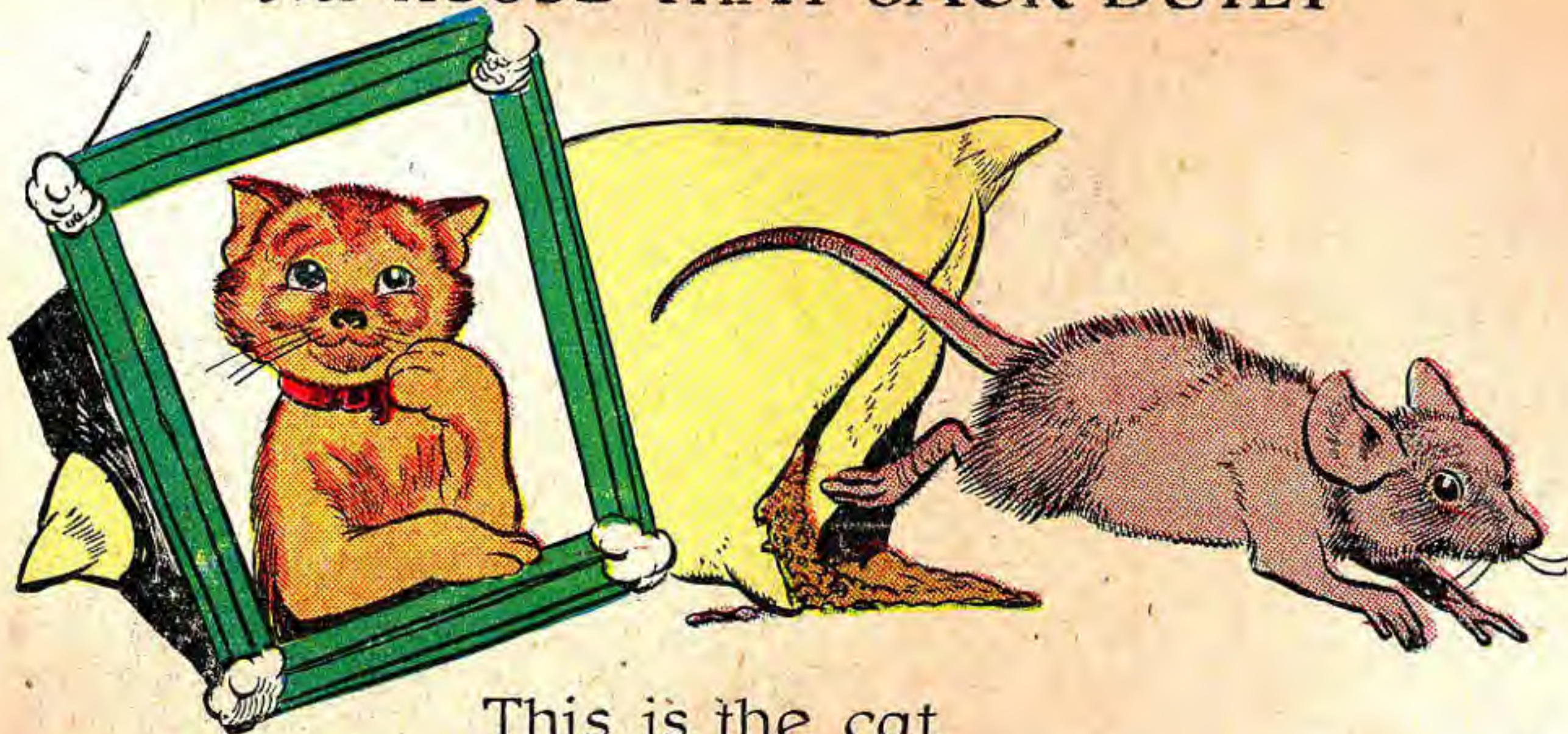
This is the malt  
That lay in the house  
that Jack built.

This is the mouse  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house  
that Jack built.

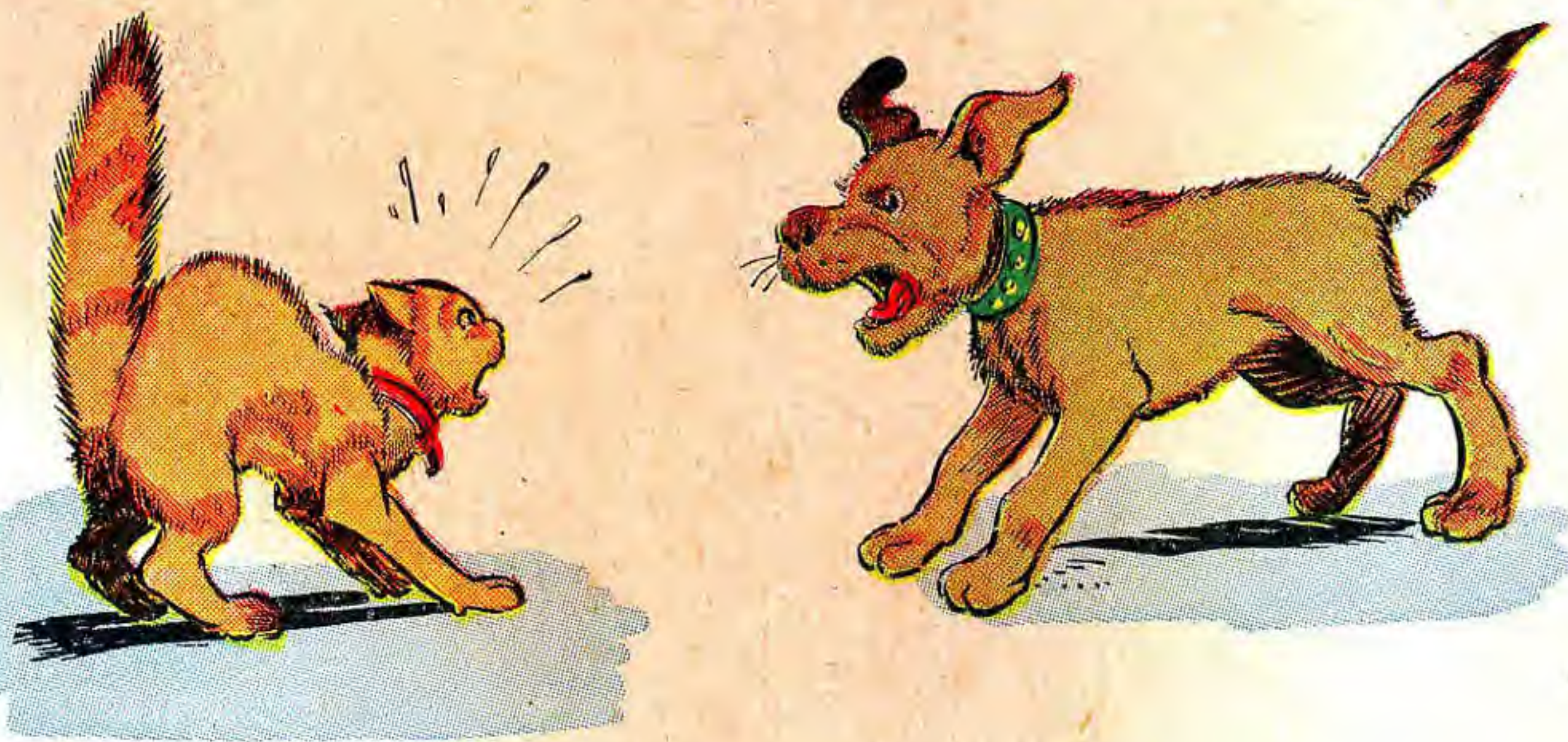




# *The* HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT



This is the cat  
That caught the mouse  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

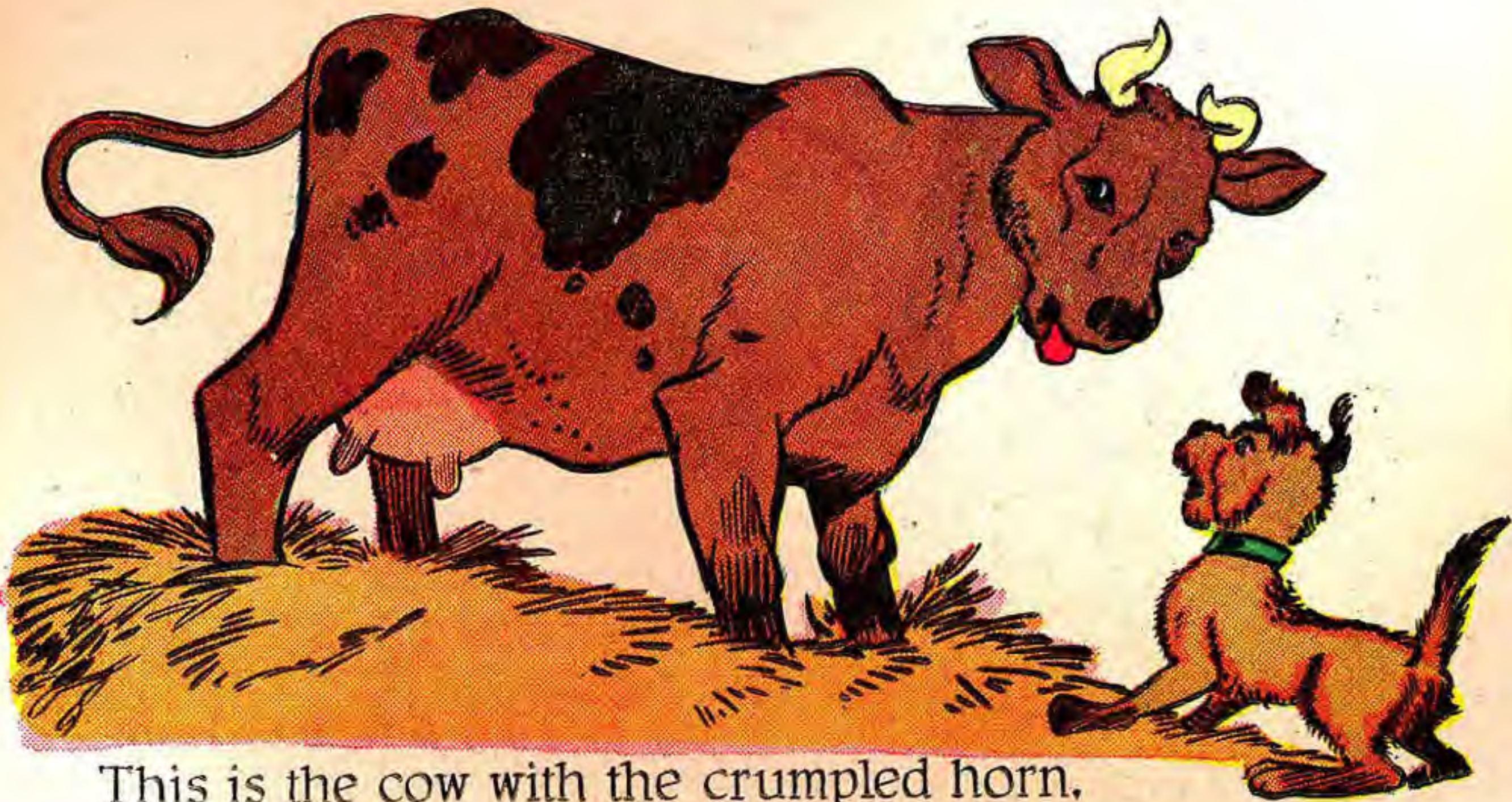


This is the dog  
That worried the cat  
That caught the mouse  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

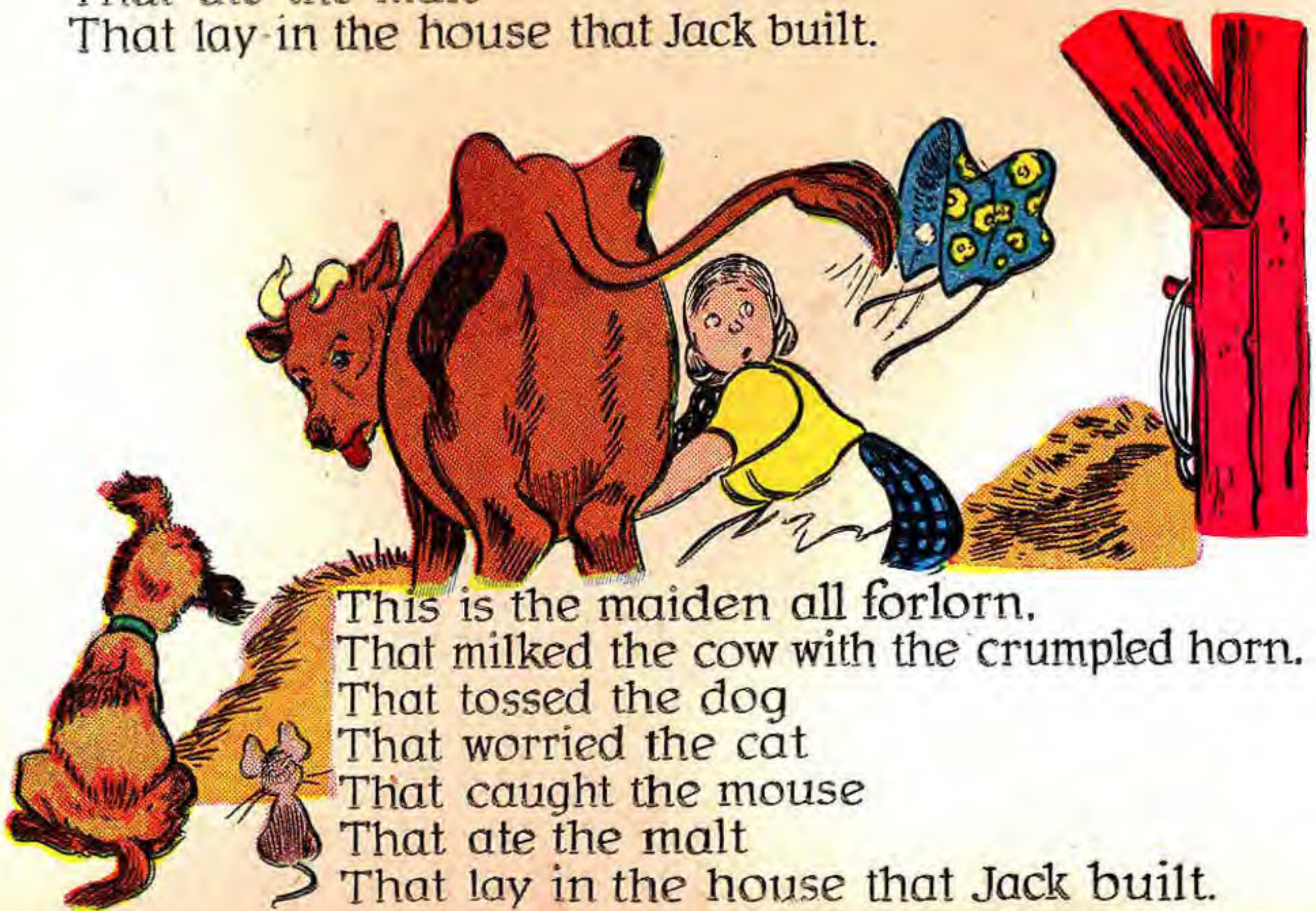




# *The* HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT



This is the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog  
That worried the cat  
That caught the mouse  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog  
That worried the cat  
That caught the mouse  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



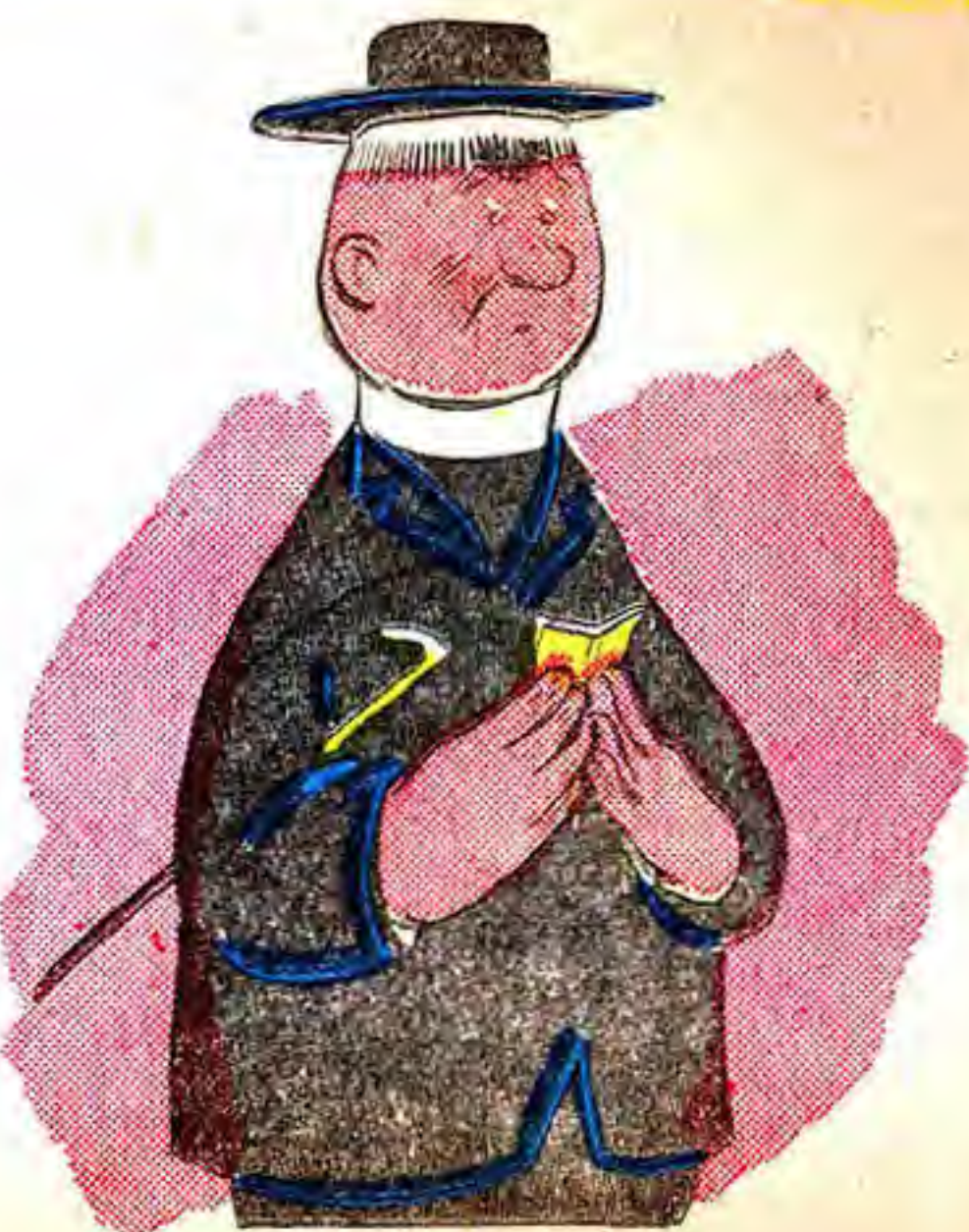
# *The* HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT



This is the man all  
tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden  
all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with  
the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog  
That worried the cat  
That caught the mouse  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house  
that Jack built.

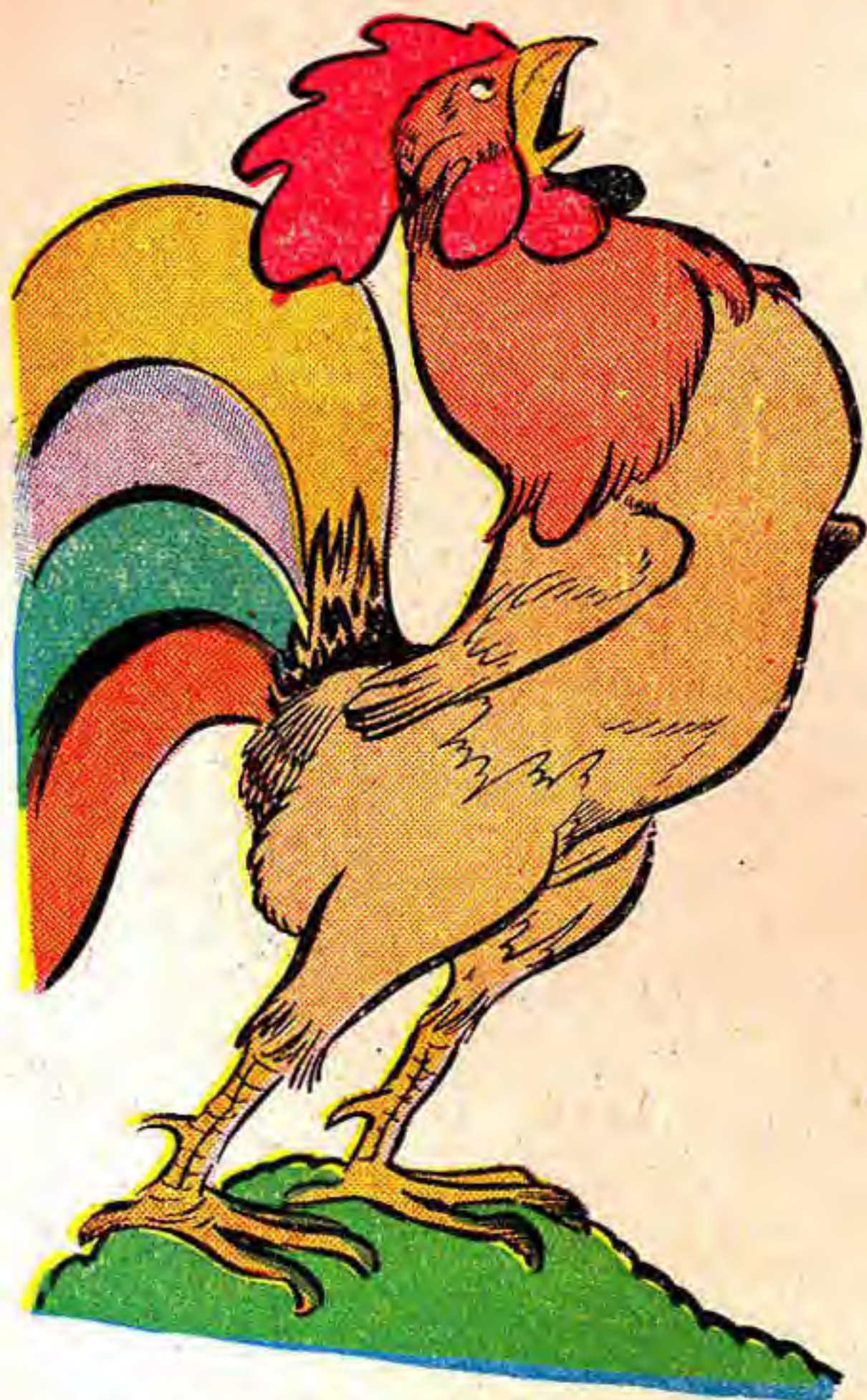


This is the priest all  
shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all  
tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden  
all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with  
the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog  
That worried the cat  
That caught the mouse  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house  
that Jack built.





# *The* HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT



This is the cock that  
crowed in the morn,  
That waked the priest all  
shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all  
tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden  
all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with  
the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog  
That worried the cat  
That caught the mouse  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house  
that Jack built.

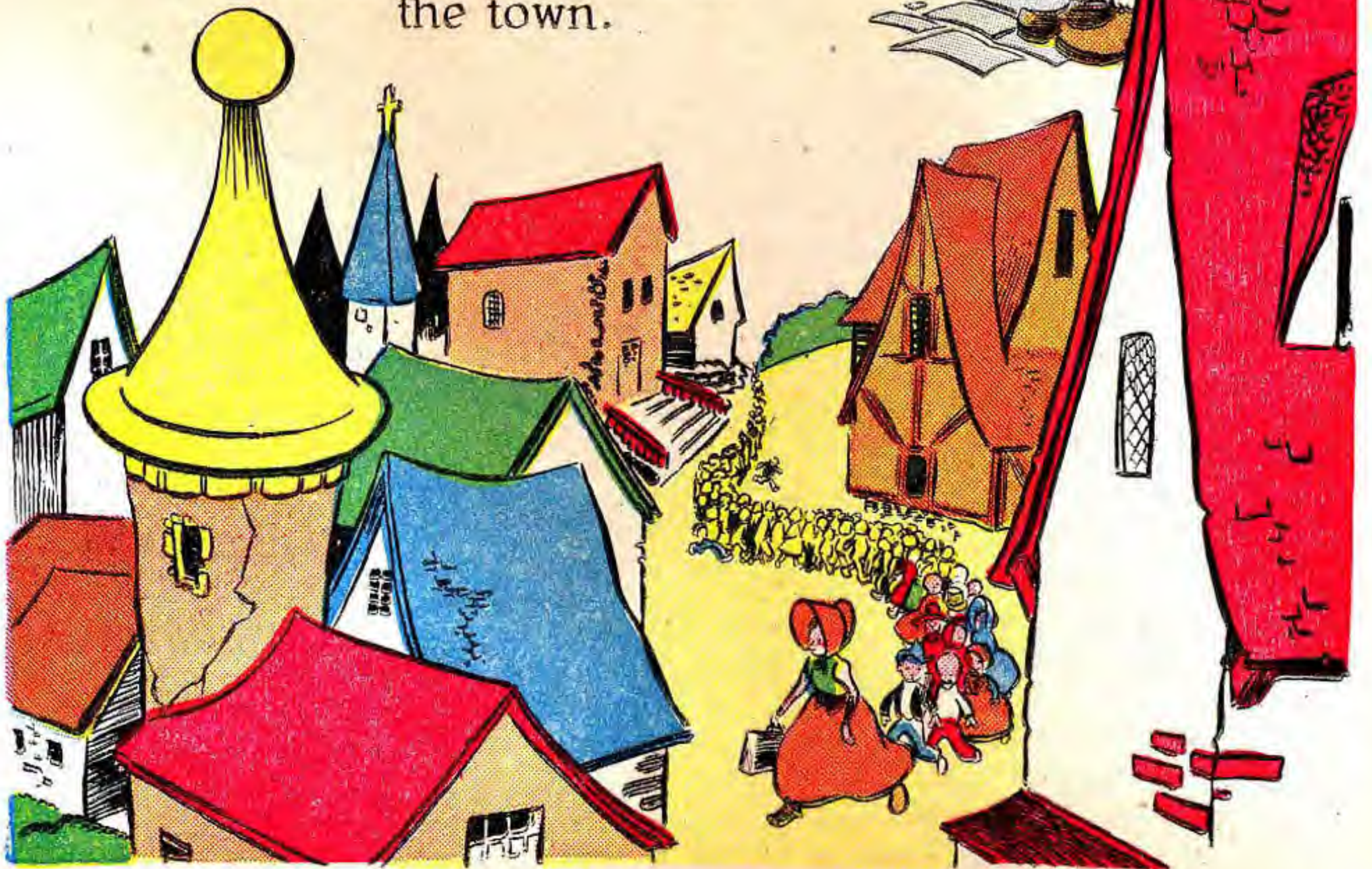
This is the farmer sowing  
the corn,  
That kept the cock that  
crowed in the morn,  
That waked the priest all  
shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all  
tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden  
all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with  
the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog  
That worried the cat  
That caught the mouse  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.





# Such a-do about THE SHOE

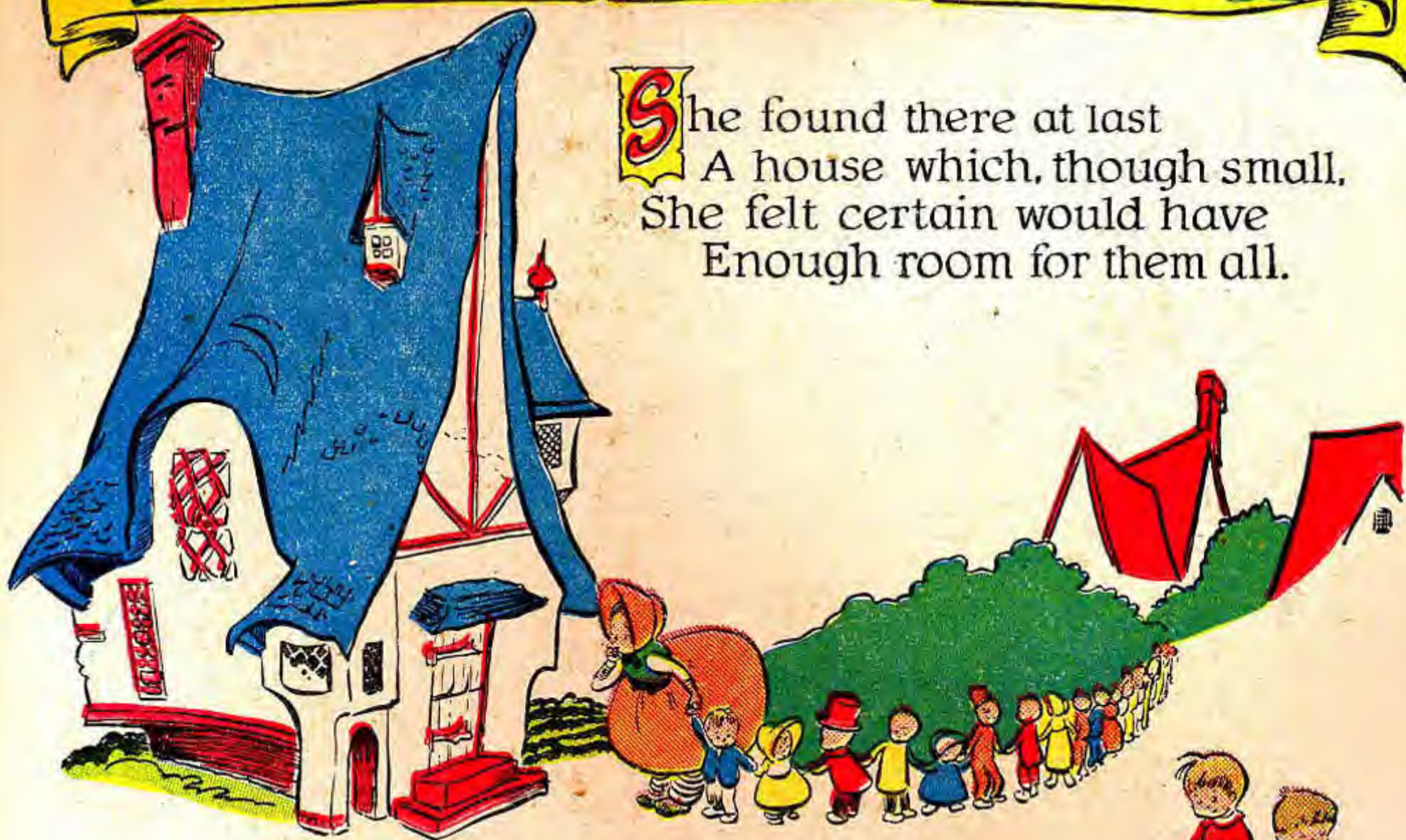
There was an old woman  
Who lived in a shoe.  
She had so many children  
She didn't know what to do.  
She took them out hunting  
And searched up and down  
For a suitable dwelling  
Through the streets of  
the town.



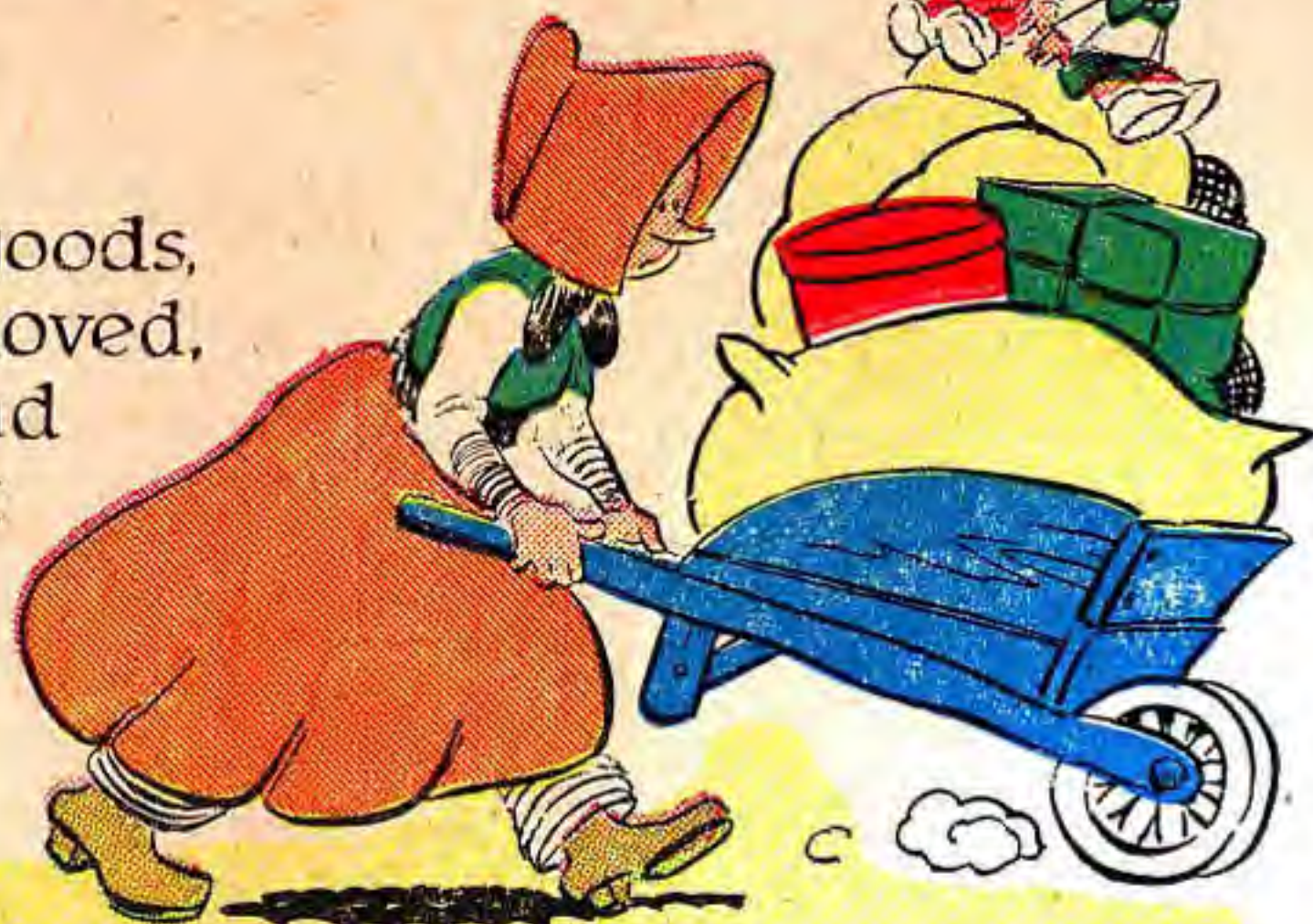


## Such A-do About the Shoe

She found there at last  
A house which, though small,  
She felt certain would have  
Enough room for them all.



So she packed all her goods,  
With her family she moved,  
But alas, she soon found  
That things were not  
improved.



For the walks were  
too straight,  
And the children  
complained  
Of the flat, shingled,  
tiptilted  
Roof when it rained.



# Such A-do About the Shoe



They thought  
that the  
*stairs*  
Were a poor  
substitute  
For a slide  
to the  
*very*  
tip-  
toe  
of  
*boot.*



They cried for the laces  
From which they had swung,  
And who ever heard of a  
*house* with  
a *tongue?*



And so the old woman  
Had *too* much to do.  
She sighed for the time  
When her troubles  
were few.





# Such A-do About the Shoe

She was tired of cleaning  
For instead of round eyes,



The house had ten windows,  
And its square shape and  
size



Seemed cold and forlorn  
To the sad children, too;  
So the old woman moved them



All back to the shoe.

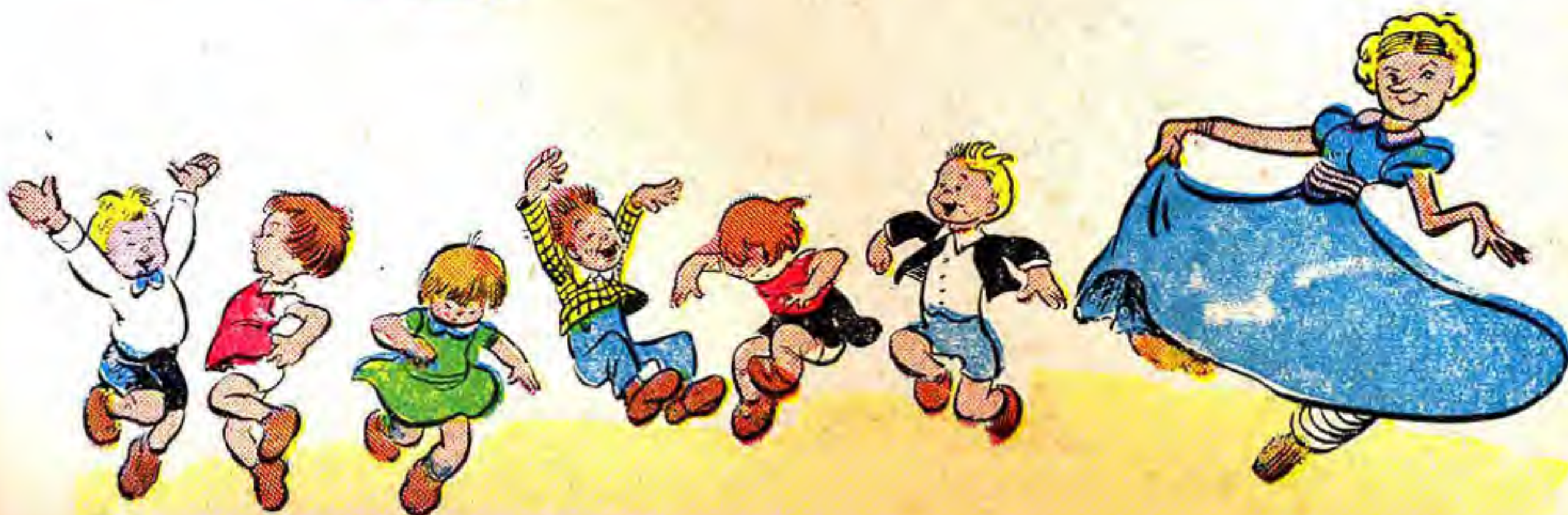


# Such A-do About the Shoe

**A**nd there you may  
see them  
To this very day;

The old woman working,  
The children at play

From boot-toe to lace-tip  
In mischief, it's true,  
But glad to be back in  
Their funny old shoe.







# THREE

LITTLE

*Kittens*



Three little kittens  
lost their mittens  
and they began to cry,



"Oh, Mother dear, we sadly fear  
Our mittens we have lost!"



*What!*

Lost your mittens? You naughty kittens!  
Then you shall have no pie!"  
Meow! Meow! Meow!

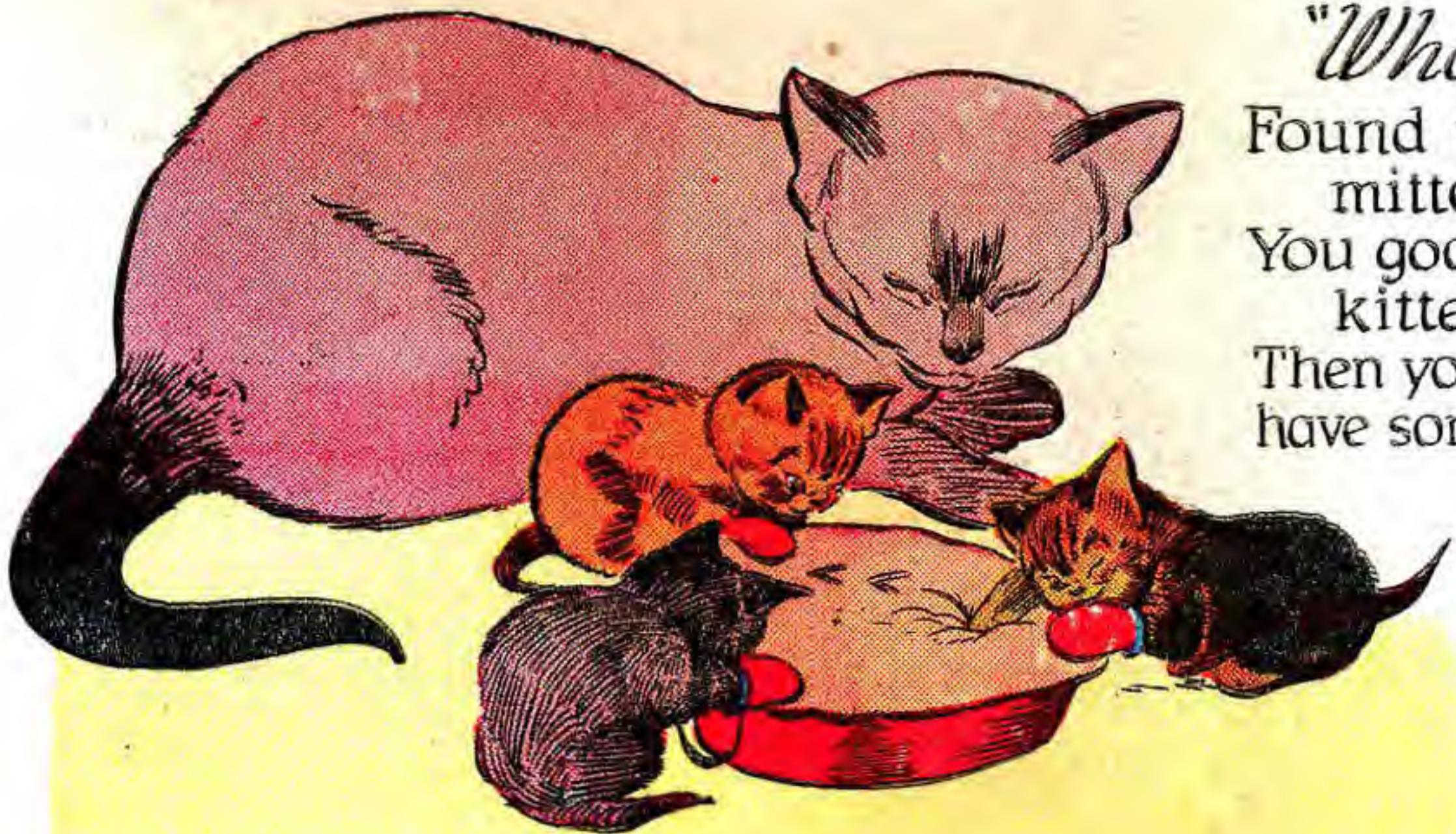


# 3 LITTLE KITTENS

Three little kittens  
found their mittens  
And they began to cry,  
"Oh, Mother dear,  
see here! See here!"



Our mittens we have found!"



*"What!*  
Found your  
mittens?  
You good little  
kittens!  
Then you shall  
have some pie!"

Purr purr purr!



# 3 LITTLE KITTENS



The three little kittens  
Put on their mittens  
And soon ate up  
the pie.

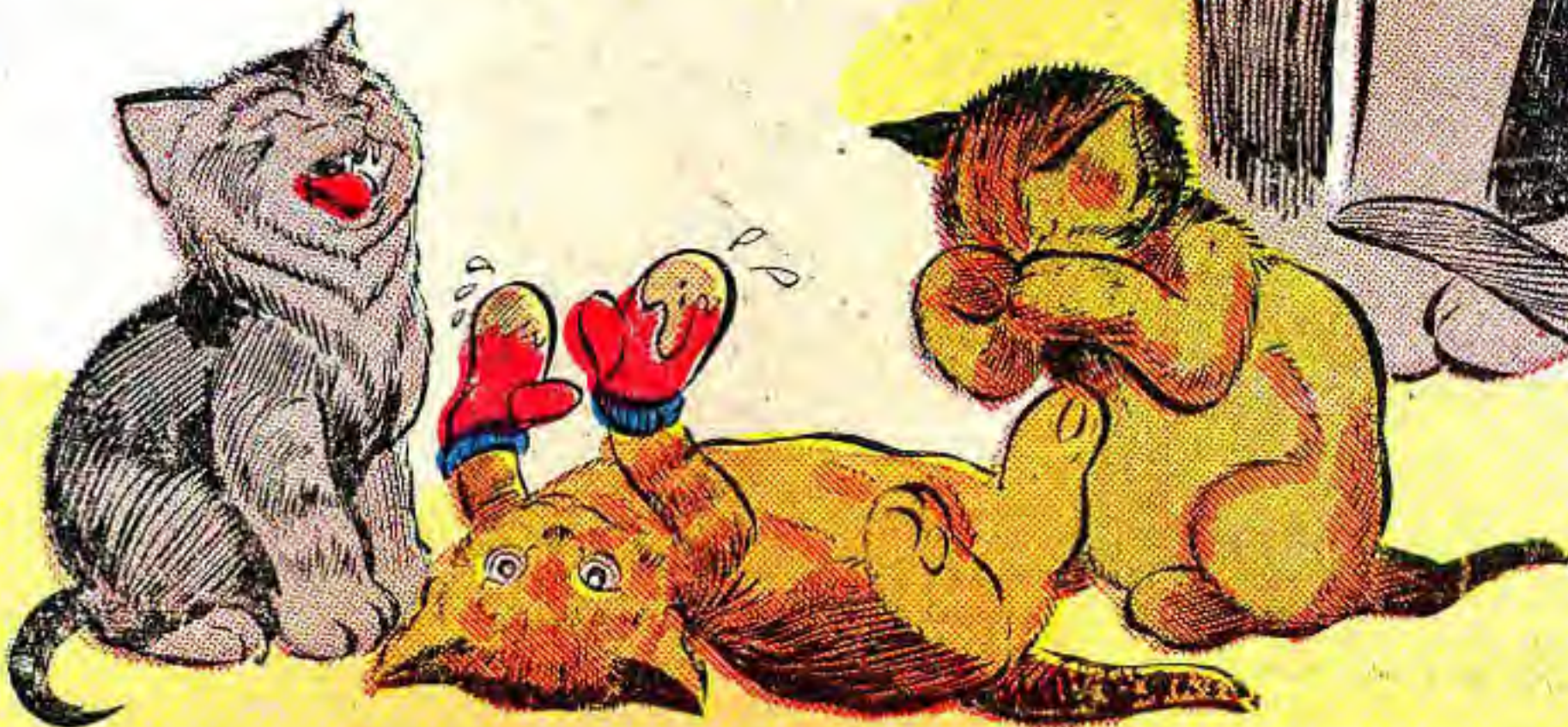
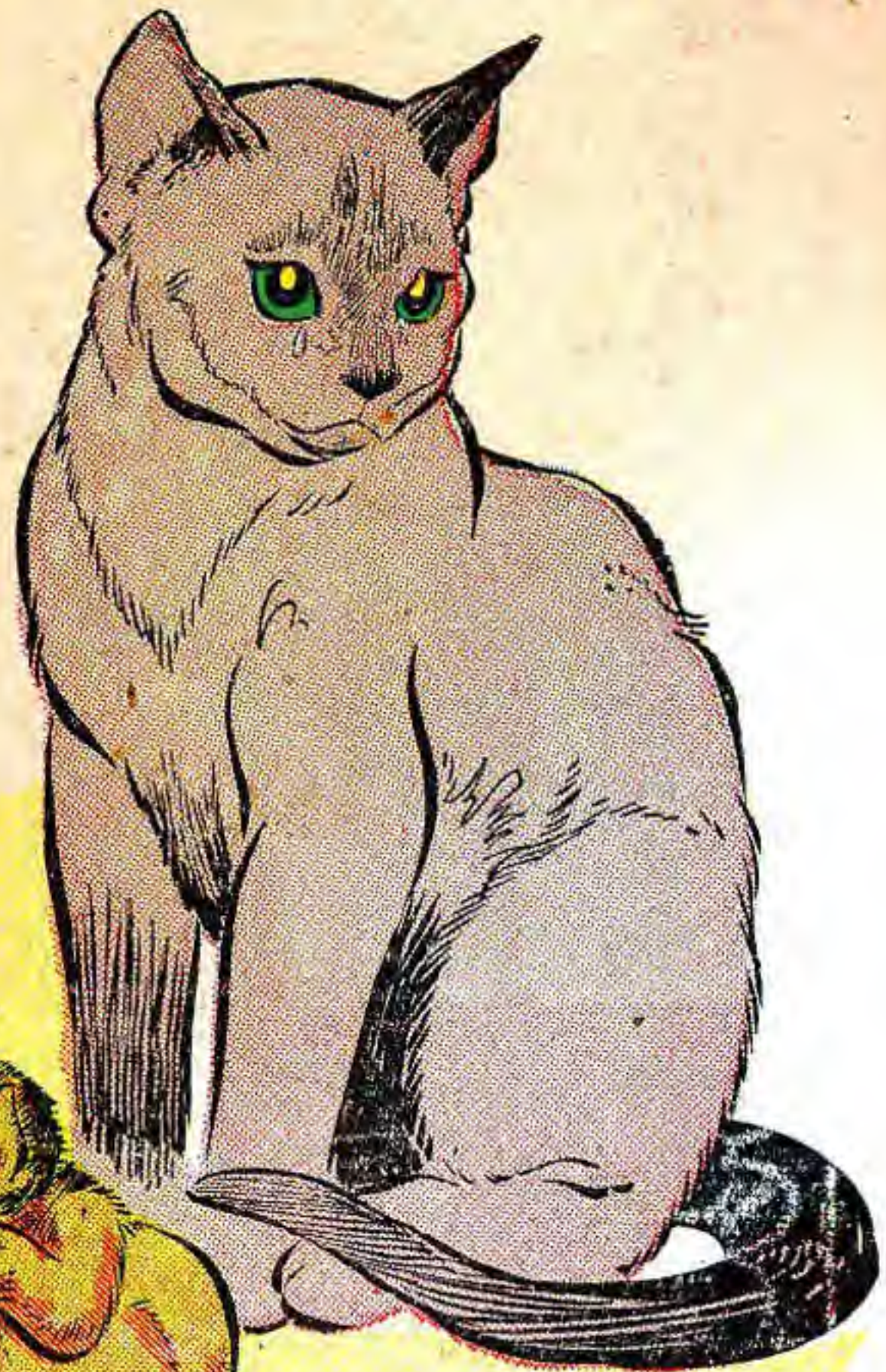
"Oh Mother dear! We  
greatly fear,  
Our mittens we have  
soiled!"

## What!?

Soiled your  
mittens!  
You naughty kittens!"

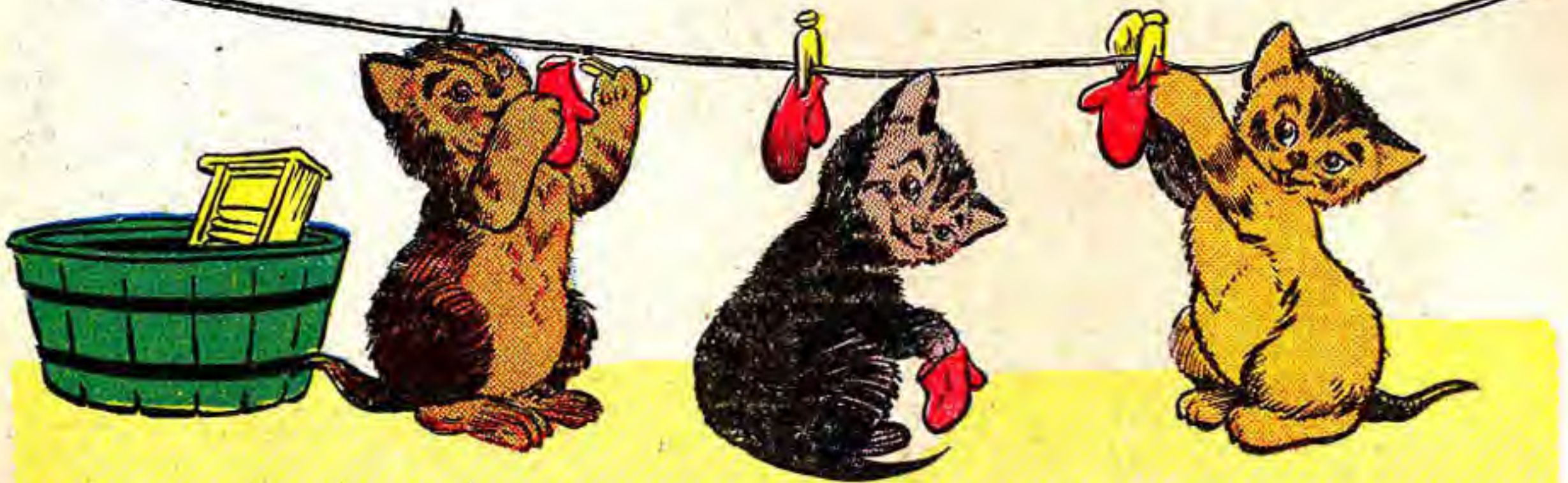
Then they began to sigh,  
Meow! Me-e-ow!

Meowww!



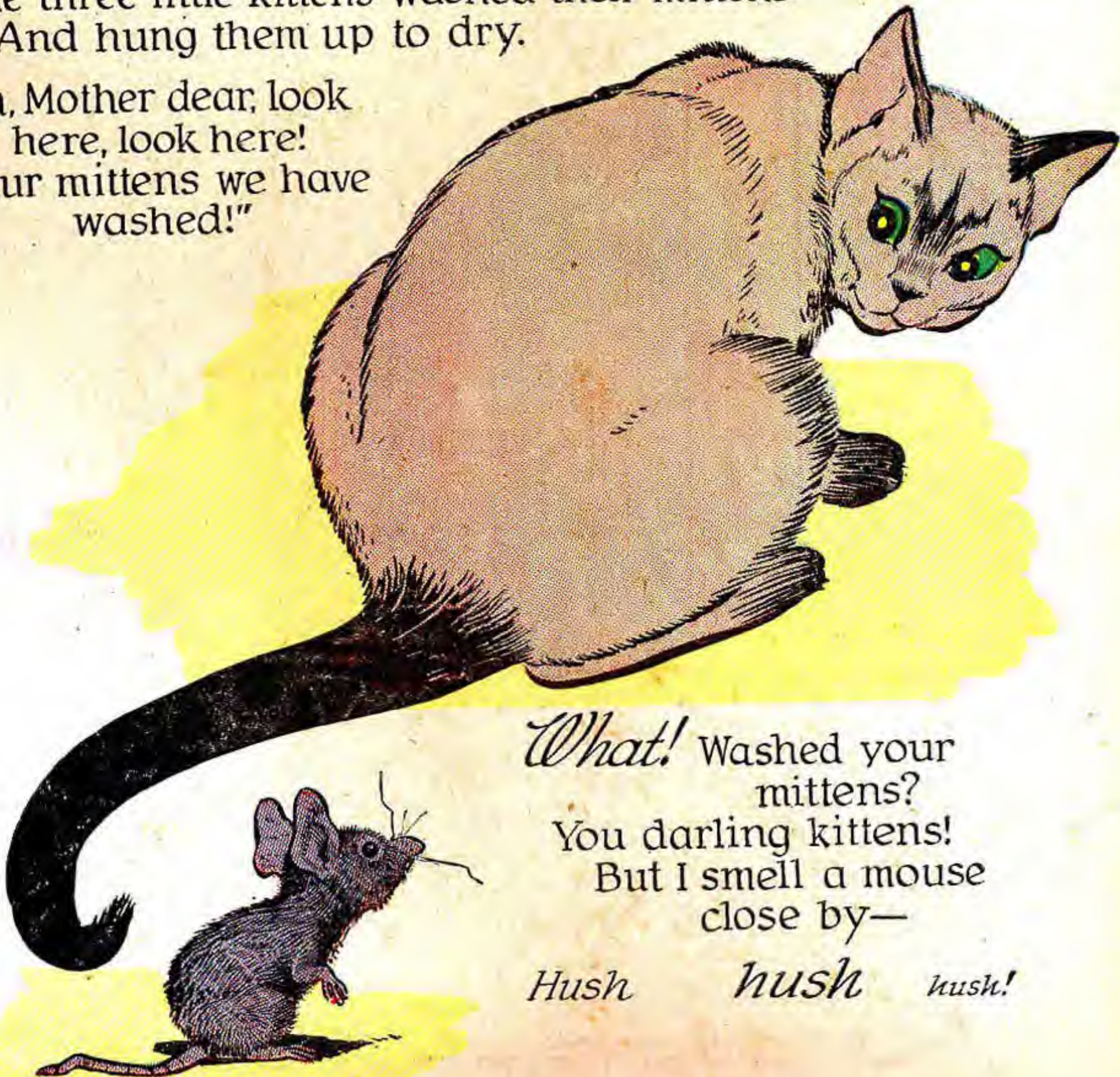


# 3 LITTLE KITTENS



The three little kittens washed their mittens  
And hung them up to dry.

"Oh, Mother dear, look  
here, look here!  
Our mittens we have  
washed!"



*What!* Washed your  
mittens?  
You darling kittens!  
But I smell a mouse  
close by—

*Hush hush hush!*



# 3 LITTLE KITTENS

The three little kittens  
dropped their mittens  
And ran off very spry.  
The mouse in fear did  
disappear.



The kittens felt quite proud.

The mother said "You darling kittens,  
The mouse has said goodbye—  
Meow—meow—meow—"

The three little kittens picked  
up their mittens  
And they began to cry,  
"Oh, Mother, dear,  
We sadly fear  
Our mittens we have soiled!"

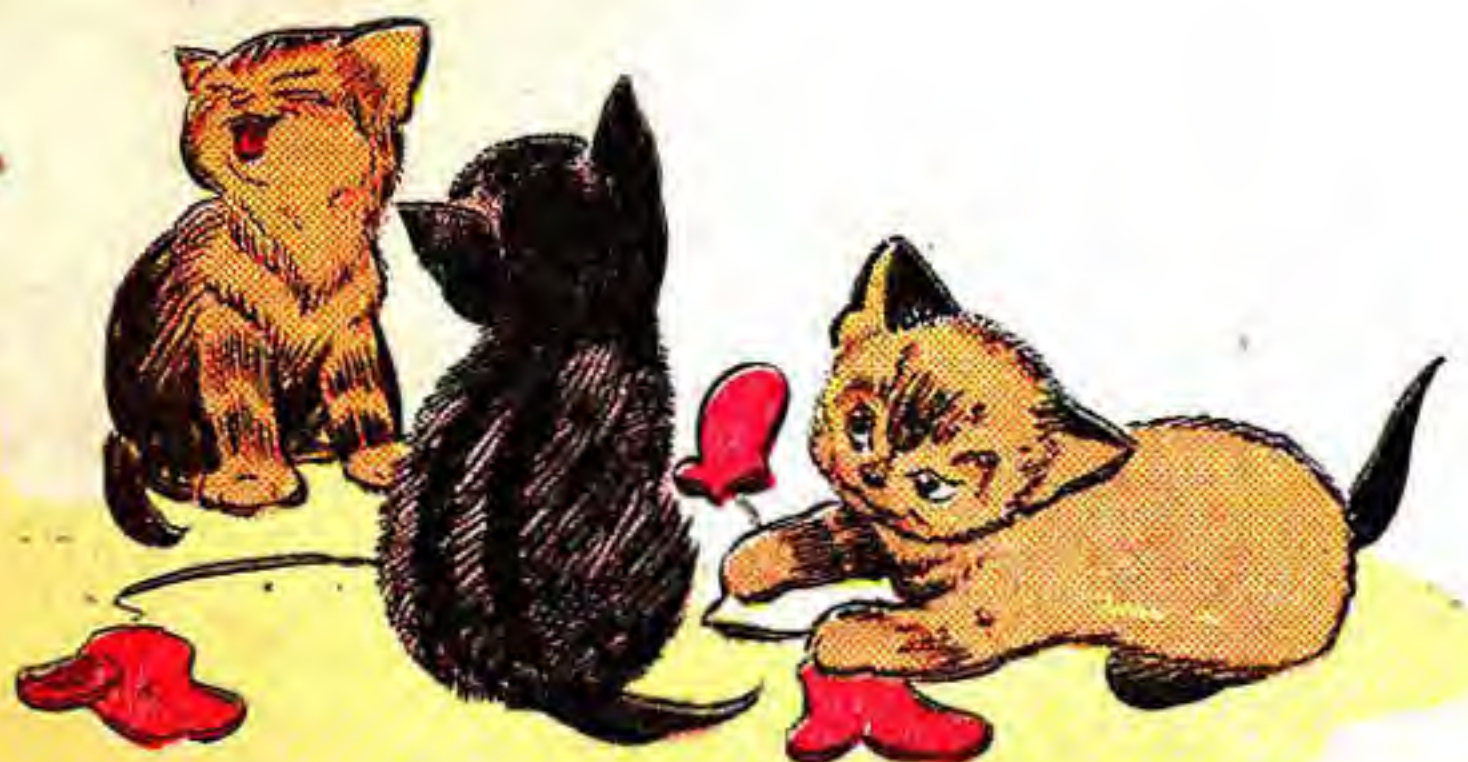
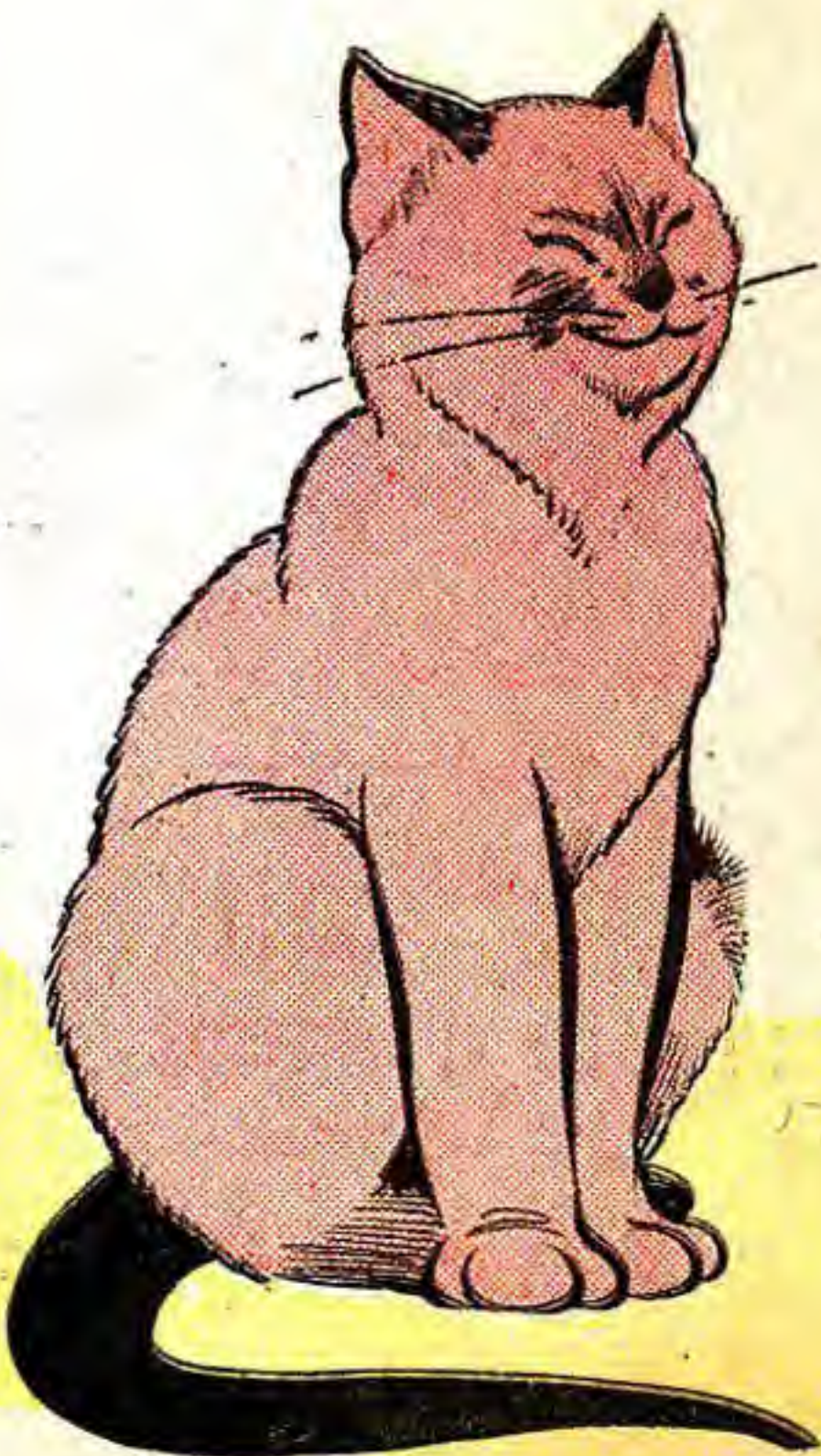
"*What?* Soiled your mittens?  
You funny kittens!

Well, this time I know why."

Purr

purr

Purr





# Bo-Peep's

## Dream

by Charles H. Herman



Little Bo-Peep, while  
minding her sheep,  
Fell fast asleep one  
day.

She dreamed that her crook  
was a magic wand  
That would all her  
wishes obey.

Being able to do everything that she pleased,  
It's easy to understand  
Why her very first act was to make herself  
The most beautiful girl in the land.

With a wave of her wand her every wish  
Was immediately satisfied.  
If she asked for some gowns of silver  
and gold  
They were instantly by her side.





## Bo-Peep's Dream



She got everything that her  
heart desired,  
A castle and gems by  
the score,  
Plus a handsome prince  
whom she promptly wed.  
Could anyone ask  
for more?



And if you are wondering about her sheep,  
Just put your mind at ease.  
She changed them all into brave young knights  
With a castle for each, if you please.

She made the poor rich and the sick well again,  
And banished all evil forever.  
She changed all things that were troubling the world.  
Why, she even changed the weather!



There was Winter and Summer all  
year round—  
Of course this may sound very strange.  
She divided the country so folks  
could have snow  
And then switch when they wanted  
a change.



# Bo-Peep's Dream



With her magic wand  
she also stopped  
time;  
No longer would  
people grow old.  
The old she made  
young, the ugly  
fair.  
Bo-Peep had a heart  
of gold.

All the children had toys  
and dolls  
And gifts from all  
over creation,  
With plenty of time for  
fun and play;  
Each year had a nine months vacation.



Here at last was a perfect  
world;  
Bo-Peep said her work  
was done.  
She wrapped up her wand  
and put it away  
And decided to have  
some fun.





# Bo-Peep's Dream

So she and her prince and their  
friends, Jack and Jill,  
Frolicked and played through  
the town.

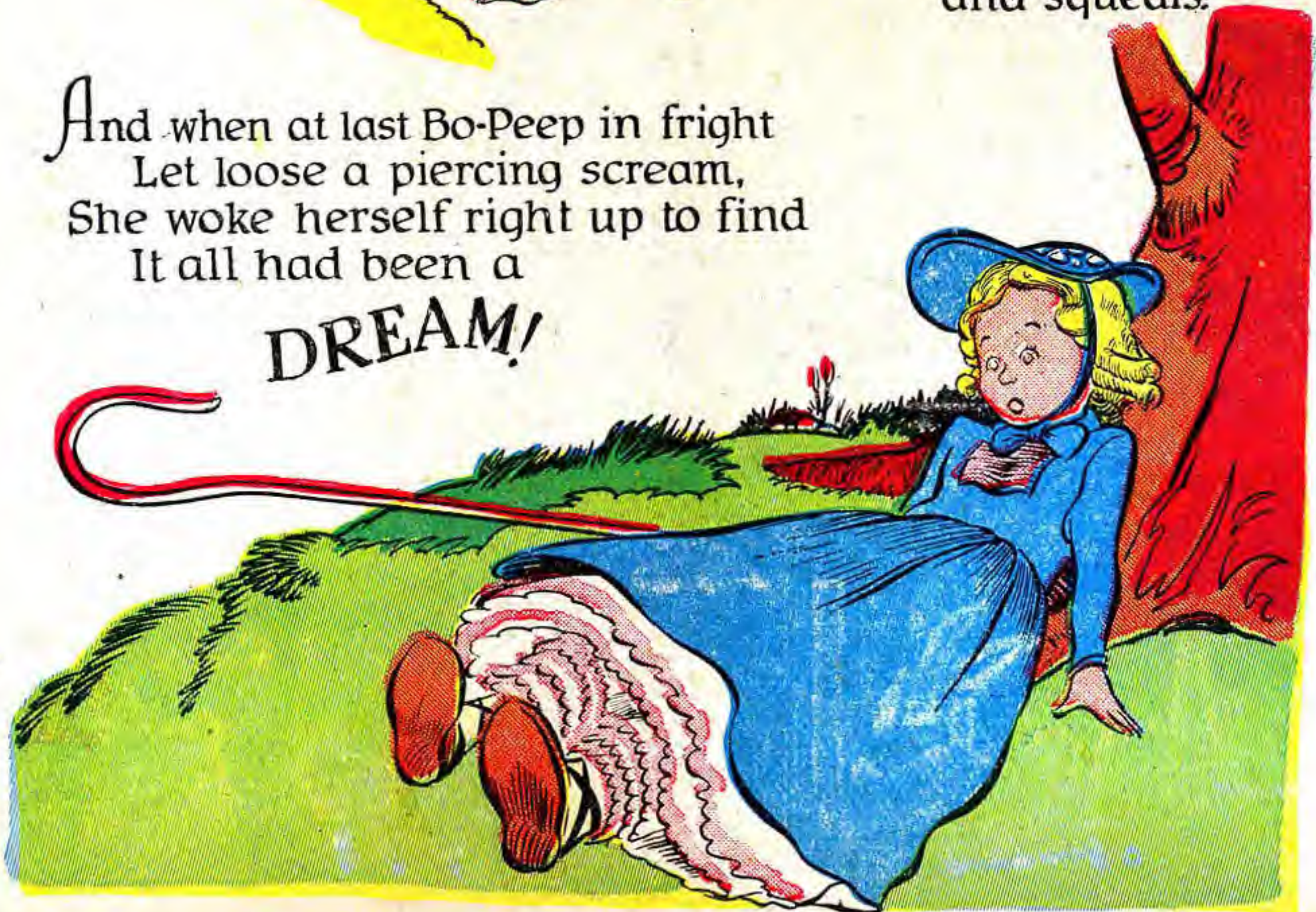
They chased each other  
right up the hill  
Which Jack had once  
fallen down.



This time it was Bo-Peep  
who fell;  
She tumbled head  
over heels!  
Faster and faster and  
faster she rolled  
With shrieks and cries  
and squeals.

And when at last Bo-Peep in fright  
Let loose a piercing scream,  
She woke herself right up to find  
It all had been a

**DREAM!**





# The End of a Tail

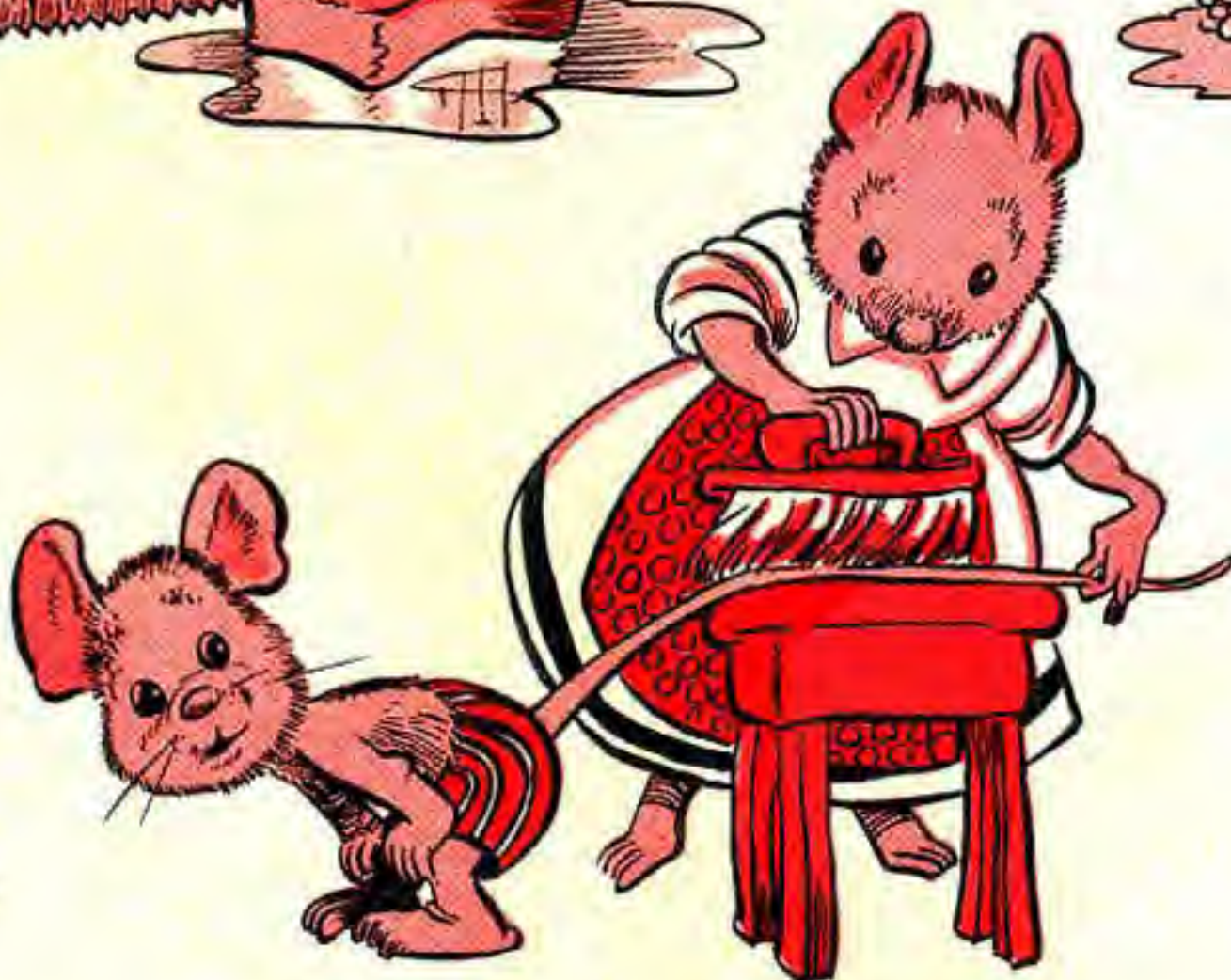


Once there was a little mouse  
Whose mother was quite clean.  
She polished pots in carload lots  
And made the doorknobs gleam.

She popped her son into a tub  
And, starting at his nose,  
With elbow grease and soap  
and brush  
She scrubbed right to  
his toes.



And when his tail she  
brightly shined,  
The lad, whose hide  
was sore,



Said "Glad that's all of me I've got—  
There isn't any more!"









# FAIRY TALE PARADE

10¢

FOUR COLOR COMIC

No. 69

